

From the Examiner.

*Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Second.*  
By HORACE WALPOLE, youngest Son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited from the original MSS., with a Preface and Notes, by the late Lord Holland. Three vols. Colburn.

WE say of Horace Walpole what Wordsworth says of Rob Roy. He "came an age too soon." The son of Robert Walpole, he had hereditary rank among the politicians of the day. Acute and accomplished, he was as capable of giving counsel as most of his contemporaries. But he wanted physical robustness, and a persistent power of volition. He never achieved the directing influence over his fellows which it was his great ambition to have attained. He never led: he only meddled. The old revolution houses continually pushed him into the back-ground. They had not more of the genius of leadership than he: but they had the blood of the Cavendishes and Russells. Their creation was a few generations older. He would have been well content even to have stayed behind the scenes, could he have pulled the strings of the puppets who figured on the stage; but here, too, he was shouldered out by such pertinacious pushing folk as Chancellor Legge, and such robustious unscrupulous fellows as unblushing Rigby. So he had nothing for it but to revenge himself by writing down his opinion of them all. And it was exquisite revenge. You see the workings of it, transparently enough, through almost every page of the *Memoirs*. So engaged, he feels he is doing what not one of them could have done so well, and the gratified sense of superiority keeps him so long tranquil; but again the recollection of unacknowledged claims revisits him, and gall drops from his pen.

We repeat that Horace Walpole came an age too soon. If he had lived in a time when the full influence of the art he most highly possessed, yet was most ashamed to avow, had come to be generally acknowledged, he would have been a happier man. What an invaluable writer of leading articles he would have made! With his social position, entitling him to a smattering at least of all the political secrets; with the run of the offices when his party was in, and of the canvassing and caballing conclaves when it was out; with ready acuteness to seize just enough of the great questions that agitate society, to enable him to discourse intelligently about them, and give him leanings to the popular side; with amply sufficient comprehension of the characters of popular leaders, to hit off exquisite sketches, bitter or plausible, of all; finally, with an epigrammatic nicety of touch that would always have given point and attractiveness to his writing:—why, Horace Walpole, in days that have transferred the war of politics from the senate and the salons to the press, would have been indispensable to his party. His usefulness must have compelled acknowledgment, and the recognition would have kept him a happier and better-tempered man.

As it was, he could but confide his thoughts to

foolscap, as *Midas'* wife did hers to the reeds. These *Memoirs of the last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.*, like those lately published of the early years of the reign of George III., begun, often laid aside, and still resumed, are the effort of a man to convince himself, and perhaps others, that he is wiser and abler than those who yet will not (for some reason or other) place themselves under his guidance. He is perpetually thinking a vast deal more about Horace Walpole than about the events or heroes of his history. There are at least half a dozen proems and perorations in the book, principally devoted to an exposition of the character and views of Horace Walpole, and of his peculiar and specific objects in beginning and carrying on his historic sketches. On the occasion of one debate in the commons, he reports his own not very important speech at greater length than any other speech given in the *Memoirs*; and then subjoins an apology for doing it, of at least equal length, in which he explains and accounts for certain passages omitted in the report! The book, in short, was intended to show the world "what a man they had rejected in Henebane Dwining."

Horace had wit enough at the same time to remember that such an appeal against the practical judgment of his contemporaries was likely enough to make him look ridiculous. He addressed it, therefore, to posterity. Nay, even about its reception by Prince Posterity he had misgivings. His testamentary disposal of the MSS. in both sets of *Memoirs* looks extremely like the act of a sensible man who feels himself strongly inclined to do a very foolish act, and therefore, though he cannot bring himself wholly to relinquish it, puts it in the power of wiser people to frustrate his intentions.

To the fact that Horace Walpole, while compiling these and the later *Memoirs*, was thinking more about himself than his subject, we attribute their inferiority in the portraiture of his age to most of his other writings. At no time do we look to him for a correct estimate of either principles or men. But we find in him, when at his best, not only the subjects about which the acute and intelligent men of his time most liked to converse, but the way in which they talked of them. They are a living example of the comparatively refined and elevated portion of public opinion in Walpole's age. They are themselves a fact, a phenomenon. Thus men thought, and felt, and spoke, when George the Second was king. In his always delightful *Letters*, thrown off as the humor seized him, the brocaded coats and hooped petticoats again glitter and rustle amongst us. The wits and the wigs are alive again. The men and women of the day are informed with as much vitality as before the day had passed, whether they are on their way to Ranelagh or St. James'. But, speaking comparatively, the ambition to do all this still better in the *Memoirs*, has ended in something stiff and conventional, which the *Letters* have not. They have nothing to equal Lady Caroline Petersham looking "gloriously jolly" with her hat cocked over a punch-bowl at Vauxhall. The formal sketches of the Duke of Bedford in the *Memoirs*

cannot compare with the Duchess' card-parties in the *Letters*, or with the scene in Bedford House during the Gordon riots. The Duke of Cumberland by Walpole the historian, is much less interesting than the same antiquated hero catching his death of cold on the stairs of Almacks, by Walpole, the letter-writer. Even in this matter of political intrigue, the fragmentary notices of "all the 'Cues'" in the letters, lets us more completely into the secret than the narrative historical.

The particular book before us has been so long familiar to Walpole's readers, that it is not necessary to give any outline of its contents, before proceeding to borrow from it some of those extracts which seem to us always fresh and amusing. The present edition is a transcript of that of the late Lord Holland, with occasional changes and inaccuracies which we regret to see; with omissions (such as of the mottoes to the chapters, all of which, being not the least characteristic feature of the book, were of course carefully preserved by Lord Holland) quite unjustifiable; and with a studied avoidance of any allusion to the edition that preceded it, which is perfectly incomprehensible to us. One would rather have expected the projectors of an octavo edition to have distinctly rested its claim to support on its manifest superiority in convenience to the lumbering quartos it replaces. But be this as it may, we are glad to have the edition before us. It completes, in uniform size and shape, the writings of Walpole; and is provided with what we sadly miss in the *George the Third Memoirs*, an excellent index.

In turning over the pages for extract, we were amused by a case of privilege, (the notes of debates and other matters in parliament supply many a gap in our parliamentary history), in which the house appears to have caught a Tartar.

"A considerable officer was Lord Tyrawley, too old to give jealousy to Lord George, and who, having been neglected by the Duke of Newcastle, had treated the latter with a contempt which, besides his attaching himself to Fox, had assured an entire stop to his own further advancement. Lord Tyrawley had a thorough knowledge of the world, though less of his own country than of others. He had long been minister in Portugal, where he grew into such favor, that the late king, to keep him there, would have appointed him his general. He had a great deal of humor, and occasional good breeding, but not to the prejudice of his natural temper, which was imperiously blunt, haughty, and contemptuous, with an undaunted portion of spirit. Accustomed to the despotism of Portugal, Muscovy, and the army, he had little reverence for parliaments, and always spoke of them as the French do of the long robe. He even affected not to know where the house of commons was. He was just returned from Gibraltar, where he had ordered great additions to the works, with no more economy than governors are apt to do, who think themselves above being responsible. Lord George Sackville caught at this dissipation, and privately instigated Sir John Philipps to censure the expense. To their great surprise Lord Tyrawley demanded to be heard at the bar of the house in his own defence. A day was named. Lord Tyrawley drew up a memorial, which he proposed to read to the house; and which in the mean time he did read to everybody else. It was conceived in bitter terms against Lord George, and attacked him roundly on having avoided all foreign command. This alarmed Lord George got the day of hearing adjourned for

near a fortnight; but Lord Tyrawley was not a man to recede from his point; and Lord George having underhand procured the report of Skinner, who surveyed the works at Gibraltar, to be brought before the house, without mentioning what it was, Mr. Fox laid open the unhandsome darkness of this conduct, and Lord Tyrawley himself appeared at the bar. As the hearing was before the committee, high words were avoided, which must have ensued had the speaker, who was not wont to suffer disrespect to the house, been in the chair; for Lord Tyrawley made good by his behavior all that had been taken for vapor before he appeared there. He treated the house with great freedom, their forms with still greater; and leaning on the bar, (though he was allowed a chair,) he browbeat Skinner his censor, who stood on his left hand, with such arrogant humor, that the very lawyers thought themselves outdone in their own style of worrying a culprit. He read his memorial, which was well drawn and somewhat softened, with great art and frankness, and assumed more merit to himself than he had been charged with blame. Such tough game tempted few hunters. Lord George was glad to wave the sport; and the house dismissed the affair with perfect satisfaction in the innocence of a man who dared to do wrong more than they dared to censure him."

Our other extracts shall be principally on points which still excite interest among us.

#### WALPOLE'S FIVE GREAT MEN.

"Thinly, very thinly, were great men sown in my remembrance: I can pretend to have seen but five; the Duke of Cumberland, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Granville, Lord Mansfield, and Pitt. I have expatiated on all their characters separately; and yet I am inclined to say a few words more in the light of comparison. It is by setting the same characters in different oppositions and points of view, that nearer acquaintance with them may be struck out.

"Lord Granville was most a genius of the five: he conceived, knew, expressed whatever he pleased. The state of Europe and the state of literature were equally familiar to him. His eloquence was rapid, and flowed from a source of wit, grandeur, and knowledge. So far from premeditated, he allowed no reflection to chasten it. It was entertaining, it was sublime, it was hyperbole, it was ridiculous, according as the profusion of ideas crowded from him. He embraced systems like a legislator, but was capable of none of the detail of a magistrate. Sir Robert Walpole was much the reverse: he knew mankind, not their writings; he consulted their interests, not their systems; he intended their happiness, not their grandeur. Whatever was beyond common sense he disregarded. Lord Mansfield, without the elevation of Lord Granville, had great powers of eloquence. It was a most accurate understanding, and yet capable of shining in whatever it was applied to. He was as free from vice as Pitt, more unaffected, and formed to convince, even where Pitt had dazzled. The Duke of Cumberland had most expressive sense, but with that connection between his sense and sensibility, that you must mortify his pride before you could call out the radiance of his understanding. Being placed at the head of armies without the shortest apprenticeship, no wonder he miscarried: it is cruel to have no other master than one's own faults. Pitt's was an unfinished greatness: considering how much of it depended on his words, one may

almost call his an artificial greatness; but his passion for fame and the grandeur of his ideas compensated for his defects. He aspired to redeem the honor of his country, and to place it in a point of giving law to nations. His ambition was to be the most illustrious man of the first country in Europe; and he thought that the eminence of glory could not be sullied by the steps to it-being passed irregularly. He wished to aggrandize Britain in general, but thought not of obliging or benefiting individuals.

"Lord Granville you loved till you knew him; Sir Robert Walpole the more you knew him: you would have loved the duke, if you had not feared him. Pitt liked the dignity of despotism; Lord Mansfield the reality; yet the latter would have served the cause of power, without sharing it: Pitt would have set the world free, if he might not command it. Lord Granville would have preferred doing right if he had not thought it more convenient to do wrong: Sir Robert Walpole meant to serve mankind, though he knew how little they deserved it; and this principle is at once the most meritorious in oneself and to the world."

#### THE ELDER PITT AND THE ELDER FOX.

"Pitt was undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of ornamental eloquence. His language was amazingly fine and flowing; his voice admirable; his action most expressive; his figure genteel and commanding. Bitter satire was his forte; when he attempted ridicule, which was very seldom, he succeeded happily; when he attempted to reason, poorly. But where he chiefly shone, was in exposing his own conduct: having waded through the most notorious apostasy in politics, he treated it with an impudent confidence, that made all reflections upon him poor and spiritless, when worded by any other man. Out of the house of commons he was far from being this shining character. His conversation was affected and unnatural, his manner not engaging, nor his talents adapted to a country, where ministers must court, if they would be courted.

"Fox, with a great hesitation in his elocution, and a barrenness of expression, had conquered these impediments and the prejudices they had raised against his speaking, by a vehemence of reasoning, and closeness of argument, that beat all the orators of the time. His spirit, his steadiness, and humanity procured him strong attachments, which, the more jealous he grew of Pitt, the more he cultivated. Fox always spoke to the question; Pitt, to the passions; Fox, to carry the question; Pitt, to raise himself; Fox pointed out, Pitt lashed the errors of his antagonists; Pitt's talents were likely to make him soonest, Fox's to keep him first minister longest."

Walpole's notice of the death and character of his father's great opponent, Bolingbroke, is a master-piece of artful detraction.

"Was it being master of no talents to have acted the second part, when little more than a youth, in overturning such a ministry, and stemming such a tide of glory, as Lord Godolphin's and the Duke of Marlborough's? Were there no abilities after his return from banishment, in holding such a power as Sir Robert Walpole's at bay for so many years, even when excluded from the favorable opportunity of exerting his eloquence in either house of parliament? Was there no triumph in having chiefly contributed to the fall of that

minister? Was there no glory in directing the councils and operations of such men as Sir William Windham, Lord Bath, and Lord Granville? And was there no art in persuading the self-fonddest and greatest of poets, that the writer of the Craftsman was a more exalted genius than the author of the Dunciad? Has he shown no address in palliating the exploded treaty of Utrecht? Has he not, in his letter on that event, contrived to make assertions and hypotheses almost balance stubborn facts? To cover his own guilt, has he not diverted our attention towards pity for the great enemy, in whose service he betrayed his own country?

"On the other hand, what infamy to have sold the conqueror to the conquered! What ingratitude in laboring the ruin of a minister, who had repealed his sentence of banishment! What repeated treasons to the queen, whom he served; to the pretender, who had received and countenanced him; to the late king, who had recalled him! What ineffectual arts to acquire the confidence of the late king, by means of the Duchess of Kendal, and of the present king, Lady Suffolk! What unwearied ambition, even at seventy years of age, in laying a plan of future power in the favor of the prince of Wales! What deficiency in the very parts that had given success to the opposition, to have left him alone excluded from reaping the harvest of so many labors! What blackness in disclosing the dirtiness of the pope, who had defied him! And what philosophy was that which had been initiated in the ruin of the Catalans; had employed its meridian in laboring the restoration of popery and arbitrary power; and busied the end of its career, first in planning factions in the pretender's court, by the scheme of the father's resigning his claim to the son; and then in sowing the seeds of division between a king and a prince, who had pardoned all his treasons!

"Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke had set out rivals at school, lived a life of competition, and died much in the same manner, provoked at being killed by empirics; but with the same difference in their manner of dying as had appeared in the temper of their lives: the first with a calmness that was habitual philosophy; the other with a rage that his affected philosophy could not disguise. The one had seen his early ambition dashed with imprisonment, from which he had shot into the sphere of his rival, who was exiled, sentenced, recalled, while Walpole rose gradually to the height of temperate power, maintained it by the force of his single talents against Bolingbroke, assisted by all the considerable geniuses of England; and when driven from it at last, resigned it without a stain or a censure, and retired to a private life, without an attempt to reëstablish himself—almost without a regret for what he had lost. The other, unquiet, unsteady, shocked to owe his return to his enemy, more shocked to find his return was not to power, incapable of tasting the retirement which he made delightful to all who partook it, died at last with the mortification of owing his greatest reputation to the studies he had cultivated to distress his antagonist. Both were beloved in private life; Sir Robert from the humanity and frankness of his nature; Bolingbroke from his politeness of turn and elegance of understanding. Both were fond of women; Walpole with little delicacy; Bolingbroke to enjoy the delicacy of pleasure. Both were extravagant; and the patriot who accused, and the minister who had been accused of rapine,



died poor or in debt. Walpole was more amiable in his virtues; Bolingbroke more agreeable in his vices."

#### CHIEF JUSTICE WILLES.

"Lord Chief Justice Willes was designed for Chancellor. He had been raised by Sir Robert Walpole, though always brow-beaten by haughty Yorke, and hated by the Pelhams, for that very attachment to their own patron. As Willes' nature was more open, he returned their aversion with little reserve. He was not wont to disguise any of his passions. That for gaming was notorious; for women, unbounded. There was a remarkable story current of a grave person's coming to reprove the scandal he gave, and to tell him that the world talked of one of his maid-servants being with child. Willes said, 'What is that to me?' The monitor answered, 'Oh! but they say that it is by your lordship.' 'And what is that to you?' He had great quickness of wit, and a merit that would atone for many foibles, his severity to, and discouragement of, that pest of society, attorneys: hence his court was deserted by them; and all the business they could transport carried into the chancery, where Yorke's filial piety would not refuse an asylum to his father's profession."

#### THE TORTURE OF DAMIENS—LOUIS XV.'S ATTEMPTED MURDERER.

"Damiens, the criminal, appeared clearly to be mad. He had been footman to several persons, had fled for a robbery, had returned to Paris from a dark and restless habit of mind; and from some preposterous avidity of horrid fame, and from one of those wonderful contradictions of the human mind, a man aspired to renown that had descended to theft. Yet in this dreadful complication of guilt and frenzy, there was room for compassion. The unfortunate wretch was sensible of the predominance of his black temperament; and the very morning of the assassination, asked for a surgeon to let him blood; and to the last gasp of being, persisted that he should not have committed his crime, if he had been blooded. What the miserable man suffered is not to be described. When first seized, and carried into the guard-chamber, the Garde-des-sceaux and the Duc d'Ayen ordered the tongs to be heated, and pieces of flesh torn from his legs, to make him declare his accomplices. The industrious art used to preserve his life was not less than the refinement of the torture by which they meant to take it away. The inventions to form the bed on which he lay, (as the wounds on his leg prevented his standing,) that his health might in no shape be affected, equalled what a refining tyrant would have sought to indulge his own luxury.

"When carried to his dungeon, Damiens was wrapped up in mattresses, lest despair might tempt him to dash his brains out—but his madness was no longer precipitate. He even sported, horridly sported, with indicating variety of innocent persons as his accomplices; and sometimes, more harmlessly, with playing the fool with his judges. In no instance he sunk either under terror or anguish. The very morning on which he was to endure 'the question,' when told of it, he said with the coolest intrepidity, '*La journée sera rude*'—after it, insisted on wine with his water, saying, '*Il faut ici de la force*.' And at the accomplishment of his tragedy, studied and prolonged on the precedent of Ravallac's, he supported all with unrelaxed firmness;

and even unremitted torture of four hours, which succeeded to his being two hours and a half under the question, forced from him but some momentary yells—a lamentable spectacle; and perhaps a blameable one."

#### THE ORATORS OF WALPOLE'S DAY.

"After so long a dose of genius, there at once appeared near thirty men, of whom one was undoubtedly a real orator, a few were most masterly, many very able, not one was a despicable speaker. Pitt, Fox, Murray, Hume Campbell, Charles Townshend, Lord George Sackville, Henry Conway, Legge, Sir George Lyttelton, Oswald, George Grenville, Lord Egmont, Nugent, Doddington, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Lord Strange, Beckford, Elliot, Lord Barrington, Sir George Lee, Martin, Dr. Hay, Northey, Potter, Ellis, Lord Hillsborough, Lord Duplin, and Sir Francis Dashwood; these men, perhaps, in their several degrees, comprehended all the various powers of eloquence, art, reasoning, satire, learning, persuasion, wit, business, spirit, and plain common sense. Eloquence as an art was but little studied but by Pitt: the beauties of language were a little, and but a little more cultivated, except by him and his family.

"Northey saw clearly, but it was for a very little way. Lord Strange was the most absurd man that ever existed, with a very clear head: his distinctions were seized as rapidly as others advance positions. Nugent's assertions would have made everybody angry, if they had not made everybody laugh; but he had a debonnaire jollity that pleased, and though a bombast speaker, was rather extravagant from his vociferation, than from his arguments, which were often very solid. Dr. Hay's voice and manner resembled Lord Granville's, not his matter; Lord Granville was novelty itself; Dr. Hay seldom said anything new; his speeches were fair editions of the thoughts of other men: he should always have opened a debate. Oswald overflowed with a torrent of sense and logic: Doddington was always searching for wit; and what was surprising, generally found it. Oswald hurried argument along with him; Doddington teased it to accompany him. Sir George Lyttelton and Legge were as opposite in their manners; the latter concise and pointed; the former diffuse and majestic. Legge's speeches seemed the heads and chapters to Sir George Lyttelton's dissertations. Lord Duplin aimed at nothing but understanding business and explaining it. Sir Francis Dashwood, who loved to know, and who cultivated a roughness of speech, affected to know no more than what he had learned from an unadorned understanding. George Grenville and Hume Campbell were tragic speakers of very different kinds; the latter far the superior. Grenville's were tautologous lamentations; Campbell's bold reprehensions. Had they been engaged in a conspiracy, Grenville, like Brutus, would have struck and wept; Campbell would have rated him for weeping. The six other chief speakers may, from their ages and rank in the house, be properly thrown into two classes.

"Mr. Conway soothed and persuaded; Lord George Sackville informed and convinced; Charles Townshend astonished; but was too severe to persuade, and too bold to convince. Conway seemed to speak only because he thought his opinion might be of service; Lord George because he knew that others misled, or were misled; Charles Townshend, neither caring whether himself or others were in



the right, only spoke to show how well he could adorn a bad cause, or demolish a good one. It was frequent with him, as soon as he had done speaking, to run to the opposite side of the house, and laugh, with those he had attacked, at those who had defended. One loved the first, one feared the second, one admired the last without the least mixture of esteem. Mr. Conway had a cold reserve, which seemed only to veil goodness; Lord George, with a frankness in his speech, had a mystery in his conduct, which was far from inviting. Charles Townshend had such openness in all his behavior, that he seemed to think duplicity the simplest conduct; he made the innocence of others look like art. But what superiority does integrity contract, when even uniformity of acting could exalt so many men above the most conspicuous talents that appeared in so rhetorical an age? Mr. Townshend was perhaps the only man who had ever genius enough to preserve reason and argument in a torrent of epigrams, satire and antithesis."

## WHAT WALPOLE THOUGHT OF SMOLLETT.

"In February was tried a criminal of a still different complexion. Dr. Smollett was convicted in the king's bench of publishing scurrilous abuse on Admiral Knollys in the Critical Review. Smollett was a worthless man, and only mentioned here because author of a History of England, of the errors in which posterity ought to be warned. Smollett was bred a sea-surgeon, and turned author. He wrote a tragedy, and sent it to Lord Lyttelton, with whom he was not acquainted. Lord Lyttelton, not caring to point out its defects, civilly advised him to try comedy. He wrote one, and solicited the same lord to recommend it to the stage. The latter excused himself, but promised, if it should be acted, to do all the service in his power for the author. Smollett's return was drawing an abusive portrait of Lord Lyttelton in Roderick Random, a novel; of which sort he published two or three. His next attempt was on the History of England; a work in which he engaged for booksellers, and finished, though four volumes in quarto, in two years; yet an easy task, as being pilfered from other histories. Accordingly, it was little noticed till it came down to the present time; then, though compiled from the libels of the age and the most paltry materials, yet being heightened by personal invectives, strong Jacobitism, and the worst representation of the Duke of Cumberland's conduct in Scotland, the sale was prodigious. Eleven thousand copies of that trash were instantly sold, while at the same time the University of Oxford ventured to print but two thousand of that inimitable work, Lord Clarendon's life! A reflection on the age sad to mention, yet too true to be suppressed! Smollett's work was again printed, and again tasted; it was adorned with wretched prints, except two or three by Strange, who could not refuse his admirable graver to the service of the Jacobite cause.

"Smollett then engaged in a monthly magazine, called the Critical Review, the scope of which was to decri any work that appeared favorable to the principles of the revolution. Nor was he single in that measure. The Scotch in the heart of London assumed a dictatorial power of reviling every book that censured the Stuarts, or upheld the revolution—a provocation they ought to have remembered when the tide rolled back upon them. Smollett, while in prison, undertook a new magazine; and notwithstanding the notoriety of his disaffection,

obtained the king's patent for it by the interest of Mr. Pitt, to whom he had dedicated his history. In the following reign he was hired to write a scurrilous paper, called the Briton, against that very patron, Mr. Pitt."

That last extract is one of Horace's abounding instances of flagrant party and personal injustice. It is worth observing, perhaps, before we close the volumes, that they contain evidence of a hatred to the Scotch, matured and full-grown before George the Second's death, which it has been too much the fashion exclusively to attribute to Churchill, Wilkes, and Junius. These writers simply gave voice to a feeling which had been sometime ranking at the heart of society.

From the Britannia.

## COLLEGE CELIBACY.

ENGLAND is now in the crisis of Protestantism. Since the time when the Scriptures were first put into her hands, there never was greater peril of her religion. This is no question of discipline, of property, or of prelacy. Whether the establishment shall live or die is no longer the consideration; the most essential point is the very existence of that pure Protestantism, which is only another name for pure Christianity.

Popery is making every advance which can be made by combined artifice and activity, by public faction and by private intrigue. We see it alike forcing itself on the feebleness of tottering cabinets, and exciting the passions of the people, offering to the ambitious the bribe of parliament, and to the mean the patronage of office, and, by alternate violence and servility, always making a forward step to ultimate supremacy.

How, then, is this advance to be resisted? There can be but one effectual expedient—the adoption of religious truth in its simplicity, sincerity, and power.

The German Reformation was incomplete. All its leaders had been Romish priests, and they all brought with them a remnant of their original superstition. Educated in the ceremonial of the mass and the doctrines of the cloister, they must have been more than men to have wholly extricated their minds from the prejudices of their early life. The reformers were extraordinary men, still they were but men; and our higher knowledge of the spirit of Christianity grieves over the Popish attachment to ceremonial, the occasional persecution, and the enforced celibacy which they suffered to disfigure the glorious church of the Reformation.

The importance of the two great universities of England is amply and universally acknowledged. The education of the chief part of public and professional life depends on them. They have the power of impressing their feelings upon every successive generation. Their offices and honors, their learning and antiquity, their connection with the national history, and their possession of eminent members, at the present hour, qualify them for holding the highest rank in the intellectual state of the empire.

Our respect for the two great universities is unequivocal, but that respect only urges us the more distinctly to mark the points in which reformation must add to their utility, must invigorate their means of public service, and entitle them to a larger share of national gratitude.

Whether Oxford owes its primal existence to Edward the Confessor, to Alfred, or to Odin, in his first expedition from the Caucasus, there can

be no question that it was monkish once, and is monkish still. Whether Cambridge drew the breath of its nostrils from Sigebert, with the help of his chaplain, or learned its primer from the Abbot of Croyland and his brethren of the twelfth century, it is equally beyond question that it was monkish once, and is monkish still. They are now both Protestant in name; why should they not be Protestant in reality? Why should any one rag of monkery cling to great national institutions entrusted with the education, the character, and almost with the religion, of a Protestant people? Why should we hear of the revival of the gloomiest, most fatal, and most unscriptural heresy in the world? Why should we be told of ceremonies unauthorized by Protestantism: of opinions totally hostile to the religion of the land; of shrine, vigils, fasts, legends, in the very courts through which the Reformation walked, like a descended angel, in light, broke the chains from the spiritual captives, and bade them follow to liberty?

At once we ask, why should the fellows of those colleges be laid under the heaviest yoke that oppressed even the voluntary slaves of Rome? Why should clerical celibacy be a law in conferring the highest honor of the universities?

We are aware of the old arguments, that celibacy is essential to literary diligence, that it is of importance to collegiate discipline, and, above all, that the rule of giving up fellowships on marriage is essential to the succession of candidates.

The answer to them all is obvious. No man ever toils in his study with such ardor as the man who has wife and children to share the fruit of his toil—no man is fitter to enforce discipline with effect than the man who has learned the art of tempering authority with kindness in the bosom of his family. And, with reference to the chief objection, the succession of candidates might be provided for simply by rendering the fellowships (with some special exceptions) tenable for only a term of years.

The present evils are self-evident. We shall first take the principle. Compulsory celibacy is against that original impulse of nature to which the first blessing was given by the Creator in the first, purest, and noblest state of man, and by which the world was to be sustained. Why is man to set his own wisdom against the wisdom of Heaven? Or what right has any living being, merely for the convenience of living in comparative and selfish ease for life, to cast away the high privilege of giving existence to immortal souls, and mulet of their being the children whom God had endowed him with the faculties of bringing into the world? Of course marriage may not be for all. It may be unwise in many men to marry, and it is unwise in any man who has not a rational prospect of being able to provide a maintenance for his family. But those are matters of personal consideration alone. We are now not speaking of the man, but of the ordinance; not of the rational being weighing his means against his wishes, but of the harsh and culpable restriction which utterly prohibits his obedience to a pure impulse of his nature, and his share in the primal blessing of that ineffable wisdom which alone knows what is best, wisest, and happiest for its creatures.

The practical effect of this prohibition is unquestionably to produce great misery. By the present

rotation of livings, a fellow of a college can seldom obtain a benefice equivalent to the emoluments of the higher orders of fellowships under seventeen years. But affections are awakened long before this cycle is run out. There is generally an attachment, followed by an "engagement to marry" as soon as the living shall fall. Thus, with all purity and with all mutual affection, the engagement goes lingering on until youth and beauty are gone, and the rational prospect of happiness has passed away between the decayed maiden and the superannuated old bachelor. Of course there are instances where the hope of the benefice is thrown aside for marriage; as where the man of high heart and honest feeling prefers a life of severe exertion in literature or the professions, with his young wife to cheer him on his way, to the stagnant life and routine indulgence of the common room and his solitary fireside. Every one has seen instances of those protracted and wretched engagements; and every one who has seen them must acknowledge them to be among the unhappy evidences of monkish restraint on the noblest of the passions.

But there are still worse consequences. To those we can scarcely more than allude. There can be no conceivable doubt that evil of the guiltiest kind is frequently the result. Again we ask, can the legislation be justifiable which aids temptation by worldliness? Or can we wonder that a monkish restriction should produce its effect in monkish profligacy? It is notorious that in all the great Romish countries the most honorable ties of society are disregarded with the most startling impunity; that the confessional has only echoed the scandals of private life, even where it did not create new sources of those scandals; and that the monasteries, with all their formality of discipline, were frequently the scene of transactions from which the honest mind revolts, and which must not stain the Protestant page.

SCHISM AMONG THE GERMAN WATER DOCTORS.—We learn from a hydropathic patient on whom we can rely, now in Silesia, under Preissnitz, that a new sect has sprung up in that district, which adopts a system directly opposite to that of the great hydropathist of Grafenberg. The new party, instead of giving the copious libations of cold water, prescribed in the original system, recommend a total abstinence from the drinking of water, and effect their cure by long-continued thirst! They so far follow Preissnitz as to keep their patients, for a series of hours each day, wrapt in wet blankets or cloths; but the patients are rigidly restrained from the drinking of water, and are restricted in their diet to such a few slices of stale bread daily as they can swallow without drink. On two days of each week only, they are allowed a cup of soup and a small piece of animal meat, and are kept on that routine for many weeks. The consequence of this treatment is, that patients of the most robust habit are soon reduced to skeletons. In a few desperate cases, it is said that the new treatment effects a change of system that is for the time beneficial, whilst in most other instances it is fatal to the unhappy invalids. Indeed, we understand, on the whole, that there are not any well-authenticated cases of cures being effected by either system, which would not have taken place by temperate diet and exercise, and by the remedies prescribed in regular medical practice.—*Scotsman*.

From the Athenæum.

## SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

(Continued from page 365 of the Living Age.)

TUESDAY, SEPT. 15.

## SECTION B.—CHEMISTRY.

"On the Corrosion of Iron Rails in and out of use," by R. Mallett.—The researches on this subject are still in progress—experiments are being made upon six different lines of railway. The principal facts already ascertained are:—1st. That there is a real difference in the rate of corrosion between the rails in use and out of use:—that this appears to be connected with their peculiar molecular condition so induced. 2d. The determination of the complex conditions as to magnetism, which affect rails some time in use, producing both induced and permanent magnetism in the rails, each rail being magnetic with polarity, and having from four to eight separate poles each.

Mr. Hunt stated his confirmation of the experiments of Ritter—that magnetism had the power of protecting iron from corrosion;—to which he referred the protecting influence exerted on the rails in use on railways.

"On the Extent to which Fluoride of Calcium is soluble in Water at 60°," by Dr. Wilson.

"On the Coloring Matter of Madder," by Dr. Schunk.—This report detailed a series of researches into the composition of the coloring matter of madder; the result of which has been the discovery of many curious properties in the coloring body Alizarine. These have been carefully examined by Dr. Schunk, and the combinations which it effects with the metallic oxides. Dr. Schunk has also discovered two other coloring matters in madder, which are capable of imparting a lively red color to mordanted cloth.

"On the Application of the Principles of a natural system of Organic Chemistry to the Explanation of the Phenomena occurring in the Diseased Potato Tuber," by Dr. Kemp.—The object of the author is to urge the consideration of his views on the following grounds:—1st. That, on the 24th of February last, he announced to the Cambridge Philosophical Society, as one of the main deductions from his analyses, that the nature of the morbid affection in the potato tuber consists in an abnormal tendency to premature germination. 2d. That the truth of this deduction has been proved to the very letter by the progress of the growth of the tuber subsequently; and that attention was drawn to the subject by Professor Lindley, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, on the 1st of August, simply on the grounds that this tendency to premature germination had become a matter of notoriety. 3d. That, by the application of the natural system of organic chemistry, the outlines of which were brought before the last meeting of this association, it was in his power to establish an important principle, which had baffled the genius and resources of the commission appointed by government to investigate the subject.

Some remarks followed, which all bore on the importance of autumn planting. Numerous striking instances were adduced in which healthy potatoes had been grown from diseased tubers planted in the autumn.

"Some Inquiries into the Extent, Causes, and Remedies of Fungi destructive in Agriculture," by

J. Prideaux.—1st. *Extent*.—Decandolle's theory of injurious excretions having been opposed by many arguments and experiments, particularly those recently published by Dr. Daubeny, that of Liebig, of specific exhaustion of the soil by plants of one species, leaving it fit for another which required different ingredients, had been generally substituted. Some, however, had taken a middle course, and supposed plants to breed animalcules, which they left in the soil, and which would feed upon other plants of the same species, but not upon those of different ones. The writer also, unsatisfied with the theory of specific exhaustion of inorganic ingredients, from the occasional unaccountable efficacy of ashes and soot, and the inconsistent effects of inorganic manures, had investigated the organic residues on the soil—after wheat, barley, turnips, and potatoes; compared them with the premature decay of wheat (where too often cultivated) in patches, expanding from centres, like fairy rings, and with the notoriety of fungus in the potato disease; and had thence been led to inquire how far such fungous parasites might be the general representatives of Decandolle's supposed injurious excretions. To what extent this may be true, the microscope will best decide, by examining the roots and contiguous soil of plants after harvest, especially those which have ripened seeds.—2d. *Causes*.—Fungi and mucors were supposed to bear somewhat the same relation to vegetable, as mites and the like to animal, life—a sort of debased or degraded vitality, produced when the organizing vital power was not enough predominant over the disorganizing tendency to decomposition, to effect due assimilation of the nutritious matter presented, but still sufficiently so to prevent decomposition or decay. The constant struggle between the organizing vital force and the decomposing power of chemistry was described, and instances were adduced to show that the invigoration of the vital force by solar light and abundance of proper nourishment, enabled it effectually to repress the decomposing action; whilst, on the contrary, gloom, warm damp, and stagnant electrical air, assisted the disorganizing force, and often produced predatory fungi, which might thus be considered a sort of retarded disorganization. So ripening plants, as their vital powers decay, might generate such parasites; which would explain how they weaken the soil so much more than green crops, in proportion to the contents of their ashes. Such fungi, though not the cause of disease or decay, are effectual promoters of both, and probably the chief means of infection, where that also exists.—3d. *Remedies*.—If further investigation prove fungi thus generated to produce such generally injurious effects, the remedies will be of practical importance. These should be cheap and antiseptic, as well as destructive to fungi. Sulphate of copper with salt, which had been successfully used for seed potatoes, was too costly for spreading over the soil. Fresh lime, the general destroyer of noxious vermin, roots and seeds, would probably answer till rendered inert by carbonic acid. Salt, which appeared more promising, he had found, in some experiments, rather promote than destroy fungi. Lime and salt digested together would eliminate caustic soda, a very active destroyer; and soda ash, with or without lime, would have a somewhat like effect, and ammoniacal gas liquor is perhaps a still more destructive application. But none of these alkalies can be regarded as antiseptic; and



the ammonia, when neutralized in the soil, might even promote disorganizing fermentation, where already too strong; and therefore, though they might do, after seed crops, more antiseptic dressings must be used where there is putrescent tendency. Chloride of lime, in solution, he had found useless on diseased potatoes; the powder had been said to answer better, but either would soon be rendered inactive in the soil by the humous matters. Sulphuric acid diluted might succeed where farmers had the means of applying it; and alum, which is of easy application, is a cheap and powerful antiseptic. Dressings of this kind, intended to kill the fungi, and check the disorganizing action, would be turned under in the first ploughing after harvest, independent of the usual manure for nourishing and exciting vital action.

"On the Electrization of Needles in Different Media," by Professor C. Matteucci.—Professor Matteucci has found that needles electrized in air, in oil, or in water, were differently affected by the current—the magnetism varying with the nature of the medium in which the needles were placed. The materials employed were the oil of turpentine, olive oil, alcohol and water—and also plates of mica. The discharge of a Leyden jar was then passed near the needles suspended in these fluids, and the amount of magnetization ascertained.

"On the Influence which finely-divided Platina exerts on the Electrodes of a Voltmeter," by Dr. Robinson.

"On the Difference in the Physiological Actions of the Yellow and Red Prussiates as an evidence of their containing dissimilar radicals," by Dr. Letheby.

"Notice of a Gas Furnace for Organic Analysis," by Dr. Percy.—This was an ingenious arrangement, by which gas, burnt, mixed with air, through wire gauze, was substituted for charcoal. Its advantages are its extreme cleanliness, and the power which the operator possesses of regulating, at will, the heat—which is not practicable in the ordinary furnace for organic analysis with charcoal.

#### SECTION C.—GEOLOGY.

"On the Fishes of the London Clay," by M. Agassiz.

"Notice of the coal of India, being an Analysis of a Report communicated to the Indian Government on this subject," by Prof. Ansted.

"On the Muschet Band, commonly called the Black-band Ironstone of the Coal-field of Scotland," by Mr. Bald.—This band of ironstone was discovered, about forty years ago, by Mr. David Muschet, of the Calder Iron-works, near Glasgow. It had been frequently passed through; but was thrown away as rubbish till Mr. Muschet ascertained its value—when extensive mines were opened for working it. Two bands of this ironstone are found in the great coal-fields of Lanark—one 14 inches thick; the other, which is 73 fathoms lower, is 16 inches thick. The ironstone of the Muschet band is much more easily reducible than the ordinary dry ironstone—and requires less fuel. In Scotland it appears to be coëxtensive with the coal formation. In South Wales, also, it is found; but there is little of it in England or Ireland. Fifty years ago there were only five iron-works in Scotland, comprising about fifteen blast furnaces, which, together,

produced 540 tons of iron per week. There are now 100 blast furnaces in action, which produce 12,000 tons per week, or 824,000 tons in the year,—the value of which, at £3 per ton, is £1,872,000. This great increase Mr. Bald attributed to the discovery of the Muschet ironstone, and to the introduction of the hot-blast. He also mentioned that Mr. Muschet, who is now in his eighty-sixth year, has published a volume on the manufacture of iron, containing an analysis of every ironstone and ore he could obtain; and he trusted his labors would, at least, be recognized in scientific societies, although the pecuniary advantage arising from his discoveries had fallen into other hands.

"On a new species of Hypanthrocrite," by J. Bucknan.

"On Graphie Granite," by M. Jobert.

Prof. Owen communicated notices of some Fossil Mammalia of South America, which had come under his observation since the publication of his descriptions of the fossil mammalia collected by Mr. Darwin.

#### SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

"On the cultivation of Silk in England."—A letter was received from Mrs. Whitby, of Newlands, near Lymington, Hants, wherein she gave the Association the result of her experiments, begun ten years ago on her own estate; and exhibited specimens of raw and manufactured silk, with full details. Mrs. Whitby began by planting various sorts of mulberry trees; and finds the Dwarf Philippine by far the best—as producing more leaf—and, from the facility with which its cuttings are struck, being more easily propagated than any other. She finds that, by procuring the eggs of the large Italian sort or four changes, she obtains as great a proportion, and as good a quality of silk as they do in Italy or France. The testimony of several eminent manufacturers in London, Manchester, and Coventry, attest this. Mrs. Whitby has presented to the queen twenty yards of rich and brilliant damask, manufactured from silk raised at Newlands. After making allowance for occasional unfavorable seasons, and labor, machinery, outlay of money, &c., it will be found that land laid out for furnishing food for this valuable caterpillar will afford a large profit.

Mr. Ogilby thought this a subject of national importance. The producing silk in this country had hitherto been only pursued as an amusement. Mrs. Whitby had demonstrated the possibility of obtaining a sufficient quantity of food at the right time—which had hitherto been the great difficulty of growing silk in this country. He hoped the production of silk would be adopted in Ireland. The value of the silk brought to this country was above £2,000,000 annually. Mrs. Whitby's silk was worth as much in the market as the best foreign silks.—Mr. Monckton Milnes, inquired if the *Morus multicaulis* would grow in all parts of this country.—and whether anything would grow under it!—Prof. Balfour thought that this species might grow over all England. He thought some other plant might be discovered on which the silk-worm would live as well as the mulberry. This plant belonged to an order which contained a milky juice; and all the plants, such as the lettuce, and milk-thistle, on which the worm had been fed contained a milky juice.—Dr. Lankester thought it was not the milky juice alone that the silk-worm required—as it was well known that the species of silk-worm accus-

tomed to one kind of food would not partake of another. Thus, the silk-worm of India would not feed on the mulberry, nor the silk-worm of Italy on the jujube, and other plants on which the Indian silk-worm fed.—Mr. Patterson referred to some papers read by Mr. Felkin, of Nottingham, before the Association, on the subject of the growth of silk in India;—in which Mr. Felkin had stated that, in his own experiments, worms that had been fed on lettuce died rapidly, even after their food was changed for mulberry leaves.

“Observations on the true Nature of the Tendrils in the Cucumber,” by Dr. Bell Salter.

“On the Crustacea found by Mr. M. Andrew and Prof. E. Forbes in their Cruises round the Coast,” by Prof. Bell.

“On the Hibernation of Snails,” by Mr. Rankin.—From the author's observations on the habits of *Helix hortensis*, he concluded: 1. That snails hibernate. 2. That in their state of hibernation they undergo less torpor than some other animals which hibernate. 3. That they are destructive to trees as well as to plants.

“On the Egg-purse and Embryo of a Species of *Myliobatus*,” by J. Couch.—The author commenced by stating that the egg-purse was found in August, 1845, in the refuse of a trawl-boat by Mr. Peach; and was obtained a few miles south of Fowey, in Cornwall. After mentioning how little is known of the egg-cases of the rays and sharks, he minutely described it; and showed the difference between it and others—particularly dwelling on the structure of the surface, it being reticulated, whereas, all the other egg-purses are smooth. In the egg-purse was a living young fish, which proves to belong to the genus *Myliobatus*, of Cuvier—characterized by having the pectoral expansion separated from the head. These, from the direction of the wings, have been fancifully called sea-eagles. Ruysch—whose figures are, for the most part, copies from preceding authors without being improvements on the originals, but who, at Plate ix., figure 9, has given one tolerably characteristic—remarks that it has been called “Sea Toad,” from the form of the head resembling that creature; and the comparison seems appropriate, from the elevated head with a protuberant and lateral eye. The same author says, that this fish is viviparous;—an assertion which the foregoing account shows to be incorrect.

“On the Marine Zoology of Cornwall,” by C. W. Peach.

Prof. E. Forbes made some remarks on the Echini exhibited by Mr. Peach. One appeared to him to be a new species, but it would be necessary to break the specimen to ascertain the point.

Dr. Carpenter gave an account of his researches on the microscopic character of shells, and also the results of his attempts at representing natural history objects by means of photography.

“Recollections of Researches into the Natural and Economic History of Certain Species of the Clupeadæ, Corregoni, and Salmonidæ,” by Dr. R. Knox.—The author stated that his object was to bring before the Association, and afterwards before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a brief view of the inquiries made by himself and his brother into the natural history of certain important gregarious fishes. His discovery that the food of the Vendace or Vengis, of Lochmaben, consisted exclu-

sively of the minute, or rather microscopic Entomostraca inhabiting the lakes of Lochmaben, was first communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. This discovery, which at the time appeared to the author and to a few others of the highest importance in natural history science, had, in his opinion, been misunderstood by the public, and by most naturalists to whom he had spoken;—they adhering to the old opinion that certain fishes, to be afterwards spoken of, preyed on the Entomostraca merely occasionally; at other times on small shell-fish, animalcules, minute or small fishes, &c., just as they could get them; which opinions the author endeavored to show were contrary to the facts. After discovering that fishes so numerous, so productive and of such a size as the Vendace, subsisted solely on one description of food, the Entomostraca—a sort of food over which man can exercise little control, especially in the ocean—the author knowing that, up to his time, the real food of the herring and of several other species of fish had never been discovered, prosecuted his inquiries into this important branch. The result was the discovery that, whilst the Vendace lives exclusively on the Entomostraca, the same may be said of the herring;—that is of most of its varieties. Dr. Knox gave an outline of a superior kind of trout, which he thinks has not been described by naturalists: he calls it “The Estuary Trout”—brackish waters being the locality it prefers. Should it prove, on future inquiry, that the brackish water is the limit to its usual, or natural range, it may furnish a means of deciding on some difficult legal questions. As regards the celebrated questions raised by the Drumlanrig experiments, to which his first memoir gave, as he believes, the exciting cause, Dr. Knox thinks it not proved that the salmon smolt—that is the young salmon—ever remains longer in the rivers than a few weeks after rising from the gravel; and thinks that the opinions founded on the Drumlanrig experiments are in this respect erroneous. 2d. As regards the question of the parr, no new fact was added to its previous history by these experiments; the parr markings, which may be again made visible on scraping off the scales of the smolt, was a fact well known to anglers; who at the close of the day found it difficult to say which were true parr and which salmon smolts. Mr. Scrope first gave a beautiful drawing of this fact. 3d. For at least a hundred years the opinion that the parr was the young of the salmon prevailed universally in Annandale. 4th. Willoughby had proved that the salmon egg may be impregnated by the milt of the parr; an experiment curious enough physiologically, but otherwise of no practical importance. 5th. Mr. Hogg and a great many others had marked the spring parr, and found that they returned to the rivers full-grown salmon. Thus no new fact was added to the natural history of the salmon by the Drumlanrig experiments. The author declined giving a decided opinion as to the real nature of the true parr; but, so far as his observations had yet gone, he believes that there is a fish which may be called the true parr, hitherto confounded with many other species having parr markings; and that this true parr may ultimately prove a hybrid between the salmon or salmon trout and certain species of river trout.

## MONDAY.

## SECTION G.—MECHANICS.

"On the Comparative Value of the different kinds of Gas Meters now in use," by Mr. J. Sharp.

Mr. M. Ricardo exhibited a model of his machine for registering the velocity of railway trains. The object of it is to furnish the railway companies with a record of the work done by each train, and the measure in which it has been done. By this means they would be often enabled, in case of any accident, to assign correctly the nature and cause of the accident; and so prevent its recurrence. He also showed the work of a machine for registering the resistance of trains. Some discussion ensued, and several questions were put by the president as to the nature of the machine, which appeared to be satisfactorily answered by the inventor.

"On the Law which governs the Resistance to the Motion of Railway Trains at High Velocities," by Mr. Scott Russell.—Having on former occasions communicated the results of experimental researches concerning the resistance experienced by floating bodies moving along the surface of water at high velocities, I have thought it not an inappropriate sequel, to communicate the general result of a long series of experiments, made partly by committees of this association, and partly by myself. The subject of the resistance which requires to be overcome in order to give motion to trains at high velocities has been matter of great uncertainty, some dispute, and the cause of several grave errors in practical engineering. Some six years ago a committee of the association was appointed to make experiments on this subject, and these experiments were at the time a valuable addition to our knowledge. They showed that the resistance at such velocities as 36 miles an hour was much greater than had been supposed—at least double. The committee, however, in concluding their labors, stated that they were not able to deduce from them any law, or semblance of a law; that the resistance increased with the velocity—but it did not appear to do so according to any simple function of the velocity, neither as the velocity directly, nor as the square of the velocity. Since that time the question has been a *questio vexata* among practical men and mathematicians. A paper read at the Royal Society last winter comes to the same conclusion as the old committee of the British Association, viz., that no law is manifested in the experiments—of which at high velocities the results are quite anomalous. The consequences of errors on such a point have become now so serious, especially where velocities of 50 or 60 miles an hour are attempted, that it has been reckoned desirable that the question should be, if possible, thoroughly resolved. For this purpose I have undertaken a series of practical experiments, on a large scale, with railway trains of a great variety of size and weight, and at velocities as high as 61 miles an hour. They were made on the Southwestern, London and Brighton, Southeastern, Sheffield and Manchester, and Croydon Atmospheric Railways. I have combined with these, experiments formerly made by the British Association, and some by Mr. Harding on the broad gauge; and it is the result of this great variety of facts which I wish to lay before the section. The experiments themselves are arranged in the following table:—

No. of Experiment.	Uniform velocity maintained in miles per hour.	Resistance in lbs. per ton by Experiment.	Resistance in lbs. per ton by Formula.
1	10	8.40	9.30
2	14	12.60	13.90
3	14	12.60	13.90
4	29	16.50	15.70
5	31	23.30	25.40
6	31	18.20	16.30
7	32	22.50	27.20
8	33	22.50	22.70
9	33	15.68	16.90
10	33	15.96	17.00
11	34	16.60	17.30
12	34	16.95	17.30
13	34	17.70	17.30
14	34	23.30	27.20
15	34	25.00	23.10
16	35	22.50	26.10
17	36	22.50	22.40
18	36	22.40	21.50
19	37	17.50	18.20
20	37	25.00	28.40
21	39	30.00	31.00
22	41	22.99	19.60
23	41	26.78	19.60
24	45	21.70	21.00
25	46	23.10	21.30
26	46	30.31	31.00
27	47	33.70	33.10
28	50	32.90	36.30
29	51	26.40	23.00
30	53	41.70	42.10
31	61	52.60	54.80

These experiments show the great amount of resistance at high velocities; but they also show the apparent anomaly of the results. We have many higher velocities than others with much lower resistances. These are the difficulties in the way of any simple and apparent solution. The method of investigation I have adopted is this—I have taken all the results of experiments, and removed from them, in the first instance, all the questionable experiments. I found it necessary to discard all the experiments made with accelerating velocities, and to retain only such as were made on uniform velocities, in the same circumstances, over a large space; most of my own experiments having a steady uniform velocity over from one mile to six. I have also selected those which were most free from the action of wind—an element of much importance. By thus weeding out the experiments, and taking only the most unquestionable, I simplified the subject very materially. Those which remain are given in the table. In this table the weight of each train in tons is shown, and the number of pounds of force required to keep each ton weight of that train in motion at a given number of miles per hour is shown by actual experiment. The analysis of those experiments I made as follows:—I take the friction of the axles and wheels as an ascertained quantity, equal in the best conditioned carriages to 6lb. per ton of train. This I conceive we may consider to have been proved by all experiments of friction, including those of Mr. Morin, the latest and best, to be a source of resistance constant at all velocities. This I call friction proper, and I consider it as the first element of resistance. Friction proper, the first element of resistance—or



- [1]  $R_1 = C m$ ,  
where  $C = 61b.$ , and  $m$  = the mass of the train in tons weight.

The second element of resistance is the resistance of the air to the front of the train. This has been variously estimated, and somewhat erroneously. Some persons have taken for it Smeaton's tables of the force of the wind. But such a table gives a quantity quite in excess; for these tables were made from the force of the wind upon a *thin* plate, a case where the minus pressure behind is added to the plus pressure before the plate; whereas, in the case of the railway train, there is a solid body, whose third dimension extends the whole length of the train. I have therefore taken, not the table of the force of the wind, but a table of the resistance of air calculated from the height due to the velocity, which I have found to represent most accurately the resistance of fluids to bodies passing through them; and I have taken this as the second essential element in the resistance to railway trains. Resistance of the air, the second element:—

- [2]  $R_2 = A p v^2$ ,  
where  $A$  = the area in square feet of the front of the train, and  $p$  = weight of a column of air, whose base is a square foot, and whose length is the height due to the velocity of one mile an hour;  $v$  being the velocity of the train.

After having deducted from the results of the experiments the sum of these two resistances, I have found a large amount still unaccounted for; and I find this quantity to be not only large, but dependent also on the velocity. The question which I now submit to the section is the determination of the nature and cause of this third element of resistance. The third element of resistance appears by the experiments to increase very nearly as the velocity; simply, that is, it amounts at 10 miles an hour to about 3 lb., at 30 miles an hour to 10 lb., and at 60 miles an hour to 20 lb. per ton. It is, therefore, proportioned to the mass or weight of the train and to the velocity jointly. Other resistances due to velocity, or third element:—

- [3]  $R_3 = B m v$ ,  
where  $\frac{1}{2} lb.$ ,  $m$  the weight of the train in tons, and  $v$  its velocity in miles an hour.

Whence the total resistance ( $R$ ) to any train of any weight moving with any velocity is to be obtained from the formula

- [4]  $R = R_1 + R_2 + R_3 = A p v^2 + B m v + C m$ .

The results of this formula are shown in the last column of the table; and from the close manner in which they follow the experiments through their various and apparently anomalous results, they may be regarded as an approximation to the truth sufficiently close for all practical purposes. The next question discussed was the nature of this third element—resistance. The author attributed it mainly to the concussions, oscillations, frictions and flexures to which all the portions both of the train and permanent way are subject, at high velocity.

Dr. Robinson observed that this was a subject on which we had been for some time very much in want of accurate information; and he was glad it had been taken up by Mr. Scott Russell; who would, he hoped, throw as much light on the resistance to railway trains as he had already done on the resistance to ships moving through the

water. He quite agreed with him as to the nature of the first two elements of resistance forming two terms of the formula. He also agreed, to a certain extent, to the existence of the third element, which Mr. Russell represented by the term  $B m v$ . But he hoped the experiments would be extended; and that this term, instead of appearing as it now did, would be analyzed into some further elements. He had paid some attention recently to this subject; and had stated his views to the committee of the houses of parliament, before which he had been examined on the atmospheric railway; and he conceived that there existed a term of resistance due to the imbedding of the wheel in the rail, which would be of some such form as  $B m v^{\frac{1}{2}}$ . There would also, he thought, be another term due to the resistance of the spokes of the wheel, and another due to the adhesion of air to the sides, consisting of two terms—one increasing as  $v$ , and another as  $v^2$ . These, with axle furniture, rolling friction, and the other elements he mentioned, would be found to be concealed under the present aggregate  $B m v$ ; and he sincerely hoped these researches would not cease until the analyses were thus rendered complete.—Mr. Scott Russell concurred in the views of Dr. Robinson, and would not fail to prosecute the subject. He thought it of especial importance from this fact, that the element, or group of elements, represented by  $B m v$ , was large, and, practically, very important; but it was also one which the skill of the engineer might very much diminish, by attending to the construction of the permanent way and the improvement of the carriages.

#### THE DEVIL'S PATROL.

On a shiny night, when the stars were bright,  
The Devil patrolling had gone,  
To visit his large preserves upon earth,  
And see how his game got on.

Through copse and through cover, up hill and  
down dale.

Proceeded the Evil One;  
And under his right arm he bore his long tail,  
As a gentleman carries his gun.

And pray what was the fiend's attire?—  
Oh, it was that of a sporting 'squire:  
His shooting jacket was velveteen,  
And his gaiters were brown, and his waistcoat  
green.

He saw a man seized and sent to gaol,  
For snaring a cock pheasant;  
And the Devil was pleased; for, says he,  
"They'll make  
A felon of yonder peasant."

A keeper, in a game-affray,  
He saw shot through and through—  
"Hah!" cried the Devil, "that's the way!  
One shot—one hanged—makes two."

As he passed the county gaol, he saw  
A doomed man in his cell.  
"Ho, ho!" the Devil roared, "I'm glad  
To find that my game laws tell."

And when he beheld each rich estate  
Over-stocked by preservation,  
"All this," the Devil exclaimed, elate,  
"Is the fruit of my instigation."

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Du Projet de fortifier Paris; ou, Examen d'un Système Général de Défense.* Par un ancien Officier Supérieur d'Artillerie. Paris, 1839.
2. *Réponse à l'Auteur de l'Ouvrage intitulé "Du Projet de fortifier Paris," &c.* Par le Lieutenant-Général de Génie, Vte. Rogniat. Paris, 1840.
3. *Rapport de la Commission chargée d'examiner le Projet de Loi relatif aux Fortifications de Paris.* 1841.
4. *Etudes sur les Fortifications de Paris, considérées politiquement et militairement.* Par M. Arago, Député des Pyrénées Orientales. Paris, 1843.
5. *Rapport de la Commission chargée d'examiner le Projet de Loi relatif à l'Armement des Fortifications de Paris.* 1845.

THE conversion of the greatest city of continental Europe into a fortress far exceeding in magnitude any that the world has yet seen, is an event of too much consequence not to have attracted universal attention. In ordinary cases the object for which fortifications are constructed is clearly defined, and the intention undoubted; but it is by no means so in the present instance. The avowed object is defence against foreign enemies; but out of France, at least, it has always been the prevalent belief that Louis Philippe contemplated from the first a very different sort of danger; and the latter theory is consistent with the whole course of his policy, which, like Bonaparte's, has invariably tended to repress that revolutionary spirit to which he owed his crown. We do not now, however, propose to enter into the political questions involved in this subject, or to dwell on the consequences which usually result from the overthrow of established governments by popular violence.

Though the first emotion of the people of France after the restoration was joy at their deliverance from a grinding despotism, a certain degree of soreness soon began to be felt at the idea of their country being occupied by foreign troops, and a government imposed on them, in some measure, by strangers. It was, no doubt, with a view to soothe such feelings in the people as well as among the military, that, immediately after the withdrawal of the armies of occupation, a Commission of National Defence was instituted by Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr. As a part of the general system recommended by this commission, (which continued till 1822,) it was proposed to fortify Paris and Lyons—the former with detached forts sufficiently far from the city to render it safe from bombardment, in addition to which the "mur d'octroi" was to be strengthened so as to render it safe against a "coup de main." This project, however, when at length matured and discussed in its details, was rejected *in toto* by the council during the administration of M. Clermont Tonnère; and from that time the subject was not revived till the overthrow of the elder Bourbons. There seemed, indeed, no sort of reason to renew it. Secure from any apprehension on the score of foreign aggression, the public mind was directed to the cultivation of the arts of peace, and the national prosperity was rapidly recovering from the rude shocks it had sustained during the revolution and the empire. But the events of July, 1830, wrought a considerable change in the direction of men's minds, and a most important and indeed vital difference in the views which might be taken of the fortification of Paris.

In 1830, after the elevation of Louis Philippe, the subject was taken up by Marshal Soult, and referred to the committee on fortifications; and in consequence of their report the chamber granted, in the following session, five millions of francs for the fortifications of Paris, and three and a half millions for those of Lyons. A second report was made in 1832, and the chamber voted a further sum of two and a half millions for Paris, and one million seven hundred thousand for Lyons. The views of the committee seem to have been nearly the same as those of the commission of 1818–1822; and they also recommended detached forts, and the conversion of the "mur d'octroi" into an "enceinte de sûreté." The sums voted were accordingly expended; but, as regarded Paris, instead of permanent fortifications, a system of field-defences, extending from St. Denis on the left to Nogent sur Marne on the right, was adopted by order of Marshal Soult.

Up to this time the fortifications had not attracted general notice, and the votes for their expense passed without much discussion. In 1833 matters did not proceed so quietly. On the proposition to take a vote for four millions of francs, to be specially applied to the fortifications of Paris and Lyons, the commission charged with examining the war budget reported that fifty millions would in all probability be necessary to complete the works already commenced; and without giving any opinion as to the expediency of the general measure, they considered that it should not be proceeded in without a special law. The result was a "projet de loi" which provided that thirty-five millions of francs should be devoted to the construction of works for the defence of Paris—and upon a specified scale and plan. This project, however, never came to a discussion. Such was the excitement resulting from the jealous suspicions of the Parisians, who now believed the restriction of their liberty to be the sole object in view, that the government were glad to yield to the increasing clamor, and get rid of the whole affair by a side-wind.

The people had thus decided against the fortifications—the government had acquiesced in their decision—and though military men continued to discuss it as a professional subject of speculation, the question seemed set at rest. It is evident, however, that the king only waited for a favorable moment to revive it. He waited seven years. At length, in 1840, the excitement connected with events in the Levant afforded the wished-for opportunity. In July the signature of the quadruple treaty set all France in a ferment. There ensued the foolish affair of flags at the Mauritius, and the landing of Louis Napoleon at Boulogne from an English steamer. Finally, in September Beyrout was bombarded; and the laurels which were reaped by the British on the Syrian shores, though in truth the crop was but small on that barren soil, drove our jealous neighbors well nigh frantic.

The nation had now arrived at that pitch of fervor which fitted it to entertain with complacency any proposition of a warlike character. It was considered right that France should assume an imposing attitude, to intimate clearly that, if the rest of Europe were disposed to abandon her, she was confident against the world in arms. But, as has been the case during the whole revolution, she always, when most aggressive, affected to assume a defensive attitude, and the question of fortifications followed as a matter of course. The project of fortifying Paris on a great scale would tend to

show that the government were prepared for the worst, if invasion should be attempted, and the "amour propre" of the people was flattered by the magnitude of the scheme. It thus occurred that M. Thiers, who was then at the head of the administration, though the leader of the popular party, became the promoter of a measure which had been denounced as adverse to public liberty. Having headed the popular movement in favor of war, it would have been difficult for him to refuse concurrence in a measure which was generally believed to be adopted in accordance with that movement. Had he stopped short at that particular juncture, he would have disappointed his own followers and offended Louis Philippe; and the popularity as well as the royal favor which he would thereby have lost must have been transferred to his political rivals.

On the 17th of September an "Ordonnance du Roi" was published, declaring the urgency of fortifying Paris, and decreeing that the works should be immediately commenced; and an extraordinary credit of six millions, subject to the approbation of the chambers, was opened on account of the minister of public works, to be applied to these fortifications. Thus far were the aspirations of the war party to have effect, but no further. This measure being fairly set afloat, with every prospect of a prosperous issue, there was no further object to be gained by keeping up the war excitement, and a peaceful policy was reverted to. In October, shortly before the opening of the session of the chambers, the ministry were changed, Marshal Soult becoming president of the council with the war department, while M. Guizot took that of foreign affairs. But the new and conservative ministry were quite as friendly to the fortification of Paris as their turbulent predecessors had been. Soult had always advocated it as a measure of military defence; it was he who had proposed it, though on a much smaller scale, in 1830. In December the marshal brought under the notice of the chamber of deputies the resolution which the ministers had come to with respect to the capital. The mode proposed was very nearly that which has since been carried into effect; and its vast extent and cost, compared to what was rejected in 1833, are truly remarkable. Then the "mur d'octroi," a simple wall already in existence, about fifteen miles in circuit, was to be merely loop-holed and strengthened; and beyond it, at distances varying from a mile to a mile and a half, detached forts were to be built, each capable of containing a thousand men. The whole expense, after the most careful computation, was estimated at thirty-five millions of francs, (£1,400,000.) At present there stands a continuous rampart more than seventy feet wide, faced with a wall upwards of thirty feet high, and a ditch in front of it twenty feet deep, the whole circuit of which measures nearly twenty-four miles. Outside this, at distances varying from one to three miles, are (exclusive of the Château de Vincennes) fifteen detached forts, of the most perfect construction, the smallest of which would hold four thousand men. The whole expense was, in 1841, estimated at one hundred and forty millions of francs, (£5,600,000.)

This enormously increased scale may perhaps be accounted for on the supposition that Louis Philippe, to avert suspicion from his real motives, found it necessary to carry out to its full extent the principle originally announced of rendering Paris

secure against the attacks of combined Europe. The project was, in the usual course, referred to a committee, at the head of which was M. Thiers; and in January following they produced a voluminous and elaborate report, which, as might have been expected, was highly favorable to the measure. Being thus supported by the leader of the opposition as well as by the ministry, it did not appear as a party question, and therefore had not to encounter party opposition. Lengthened debates ensued, in which much ability was displayed on both sides, and on the 1st of February a considerable majority of the deputies adopted the project. In the chamber of peers the commission proposed an amendment to the effect that the "enceinte continue," instead of being an earthen rampart, should be merely a wall strong enough to resist a sudden assault (*à l'abri d'un coup de main.*) But the project was adopted by a large majority.

During these debates the greatest efforts were made to rouse the people. They were told that chains were rapidly forging to bind them forever; that when once the bastilles were erected they would become the slaves of a military despotism, and that now or never was the moment for strenuous exertion: but no one raised a finger. The days of *éméutes* were gone by; several of a threatening character had been suppressed with promptitude and vigor. Personal dangers had only tried the king's spirit to confirm his power. Moreover, by some means or other, all the leading men of the contending political parties had become successively implicated in his majesty's favorite measure, and there was no longer one among them who could decently or effectively resist it. The result has been that these stupendous works, greater than the fabled wall of Babylon, have been accomplished with little complaint and surprising celerity.

The armament voted in 1845 is on a corresponding scale. It is to consist of 2,188 pieces of heavy ordnance and 120 field guns, with proportionate material of all kinds. The powder magazines, all of which are in the forts, are to contain 4,400,000 pounds of powder. The cost of the armament was estimated at fourteen millions of francs (560,000*l.*) In deference to a growing feeling of jealousy of the fortifications, which had extended even among those who voted for them in 1841, and seemed likely to endanger the whole scheme, the government proposed, by way of compromise, that the armament should be deposited at Bourges in readiness for war. The discussion on this project turned chiefly on a guaranty that the fortifications should not be armed till the necessity should arise; and it ended by the addition of a clause which provides that the armament shall not be brought to Paris except in case of war. An amendment, to the effect that the fortifications should not be armed except in virtue of a special law, was rejected.

That the fortifications of Paris give to the executive government the power of controlling with ease the most formidable insurrectionary movement of its inhabitants, is beyond all doubt. Those who therefore object to them are, however, by no means agreed in opinion as to the mode in which they might be made instrumental in effecting that object; and many suppose that it would be accomplished by turning the artillery of the forts against the city and bombarding it. However improbable it appears to us that any government would venture on so strong a measure as that of laying the capital in ruins, the



idea has been so much insisted on, and by some whose opinions are entitled to respect, that we must offer a few remarks on it.

M. Arago says (p. 21) he has *proved* that the garrisons of the detached forts would be able to cover Paris, "la totalité de Paris," with shots and shells, even if the range of cannon and mortars were limited to 4000 metres. How so extraordinary a mistake as this could have occurred we are at a loss to imagine. Only two forts, those of the Bicêtre and Montronge, are at much less than that distance from the mur d'octroi. The nearest is the Bicêtre; and if a circle were described from that with a radius of 4000 metres, its circumference would be found to cut the mur d'octroi near the Barrière de l'Enfer; and being continued would just include the Observatoire, the church of St. Médard in the Rue Mouffetard, and the Hospice de la Salpêtrière, and would leave the mur d'octroi at the Barrière de la Gare. The portion of Paris included between this curve and that part of the mur d'octroi extending from the Barrière de l'Enfer to that of la Gare, is nearly all that comes within 4000 metres of any of the forts.

The range of incendiary projectiles, however, exceeds that distance. The ten-inch gun, introduced into our service by General Millar,\* has thrown a shell as far as 5000 yards, or 4600 metres; and this we believe to be very nearly the utmost range, with hollow missiles, of any piece of artillery hitherto invented. With these guns the portion of Paris to the south which might be reached from the forts, would be limited by a line drawn from the Ecole Militaire to the Pont d'Austerlitz, and from thence just clear of the Place du Trône. To the east another portion would come within their range, the limit of which would be a line drawn from the Barrière du Trône to the western angle of the hospital of St. Louis, and continued to meet the mur d'octroi a little to the westward of the Barrière de St. Denis. These two portions together amount to about one third of the whole space within the mur d'octroi; but as hardly one tenth of them is occupied by houses, we may safely say that not more than one twentieth of the habitations of Paris are exposed to be seriously injured by the actual fire of the forts.

In M. Arago's work we find it asserted that on several different occasions pieces of artillery have been used which projected shells as far as 6000 metres. Among the instances mentioned, the only one with which we are acquainted is that of the mortars cast at Seville, and afterwards employed against Cadiz by Marshal Soult, in 1811. The pieces used on that occasion, of which one now stands in St. James' Park near the Treasury, were of the sort invented in 1805 by M. de Villantroy, a colonel in the French artillery, to meet the wishes of Napoleon, who required that artillery should be constructed to throw shells to great distances, for the purpose of keeping off British cruisers. "It was," says Salas, "with this species of gun that the French attempted to bombard Cadiz in 1811, and succeeded—in making much noise."† The extent of their range, however, was at the time,

\* The invention of these guns we believe to be due to General Paixhans, who, aware of the enormously destructive effect of shells on woodwork, intended them to be used on board ship for the purpose of firing large shells with nearly the same precision as solid shot. See his "Nouvelle Force Maritime," Paris, 1822.

† *Prontuario de Artilleria* por Don Ramon de Salas. Madrid, 1833.

and still is, considered enormous. Some of the shells, fired from Fort Napoleon on the Cabezueta, passed quite over Cadiz and fell into the sea beyond it to the north, and, we believe, also to the south, of Fort St. Catherine. They must have ranged, therefore, no less than 6200 yards, or 5670 metres—upwards of three miles and a half! This, however, was the extreme: their mean range may be considered to have extended about as far as the square of San Antonio, the distance of which from Fort Napoleon is 5800 yards or 5300 metres. But the shells then used could hardly be called incendiary projectiles. To extend their range they were half filled with leaden bullets, leaving room for no more than just sufficient powder to burst them. Owing to their long flight their effects were very uncertain, and they generally exploded either high in the air or after having buried themselves in the ground. Even when their explosion was most accurate they did but little damage. One of the very first fell and burst in the house occupied by the commanding officer of the British artillery, Colonel Duncan. The concussion of its explosion merely broke some windows, and the house continued to be occupied as before. Altogether not more than half a dozen people were injured by them, and it literally became an amusement for the inhabitants of Cadiz to watch their flight through the air.\*

It does not require much science to know that the distance to which it is possible to project a body of given magnitude will increase with its weight—that a solid shot admits of being thrown further than a hollow shell of the same diameter—a leaden ball further than an iron one. Solid shots are not incendiary projectiles, and the damage which they are capable of doing to a town, when thrown from great distances at high angles of elevation, is so small that it never would be worth while to employ them in that manner. The utmost distance that we know of to which the flight of a congrue rocket has extended, is 3800 yards. We believe no incendiary projectile has ever ranged much further than 4600 metres; and the greatest range which British artillery has ever attained was from the 56-pounder invented by Mr. Monk, which at an angle of elevation of 32° sent a shot 5720 yards, or three miles and a quarter. It may appear at first sight that there is no limit to the range of projectiles, and that it might be increased to any extent by increasing the charge of powder and the size of the shot or shell; but such is not the case, for it is not found that the velocity imparted to the projectile increases in anything like the same proportion with the charge of powder. Beyond a certain extent the reverse has, in some instances, been found to be the case, and the reason for it is simple enough. It arises from the whole mass of gunpowder not taking fire at the same instant of time, the consequence of which is that a portion of it is blown out of the piece unignited, and the effect of this superfluous portion is rather to diminish than increase the force of the rest of

\* It was stated by M. Allard, who presented the Report on the armament of Paris to the chamber of deputies, that only one such gun was cast at Seville and employed against Cadiz, and that it no longer exists. This is a mistake. There were twenty-seven cast at Seville, two of which were never bored, and remain in the foundry. Of the twenty-five employed against Cadiz, ten are still there, and one is in St. James' Park in London. We have been informed that the remaining fourteen were taken away by the French in 1823.

the charge. Until, therefore, some new power shall be introduced into the practice of artillery, we must continue to disregard assertions as to what theorists say *might* be done, and adhere to our present creed that incendiary projectiles cannot be made to range much further than 4600 metres, nor solid iron shots much beyond 5720 yards.

Though the threat of a bombardment would probably have due weight with the refractory populace, the fortifications afford other means of keeping them in subjection; and these so effective, that the necessity for openly employing force need hardly ever arise. On the first manifestation of discontent, the troops in the forts might be increased without making any show of preparation. As 4000 men would be but a moderate average for the garrisons of the forts, of which there are sixteen, a force might thus be drawn round Paris of not less than 60,000. These troops, all removed from free intercourse with the citizens, would be little liable to the seductions which have in fact been the main cause of everything that has been called a victory of the people; and, what is not less important, a mutinous or rebellious concert among the military bodies themselves would be hardly possible.

All the avenues being commanded, the inhabitants might soon be made to feel that they were not only prisoners, but in absolute dependence for subsistence on their gaolers. The pressure might be tightened or relaxed according to circumstances. At first a strict system of passports might be enforced—then the gates closed—finally the supplies might be interrupted. These measures might be carried into effect with the greater rigor, as it would be unnecessary to keep the principal strength of the troops within the forts. On the contrary, each fort would serve as a base from whence detachments might be pushed to occupy positions near to, or, if needful, even within the precincts of the city. If some extreme excitement should lead the populace to attack the troops, and if by any miracle they were to succeed so far as to drive them out of the *enceinte*, it would avail them nothing as long as the forts remained unconquered.

But in fact there never ought to be any difficulty in suppressing a revolt in a large town where the authorities can command the services of a strong body of troops and a competent general. Let us for a moment suppose the whole population of a city like Paris in arms against the government, with leaders possessing even the greatest military skill. Incapable of forming themselves into a manœuvring force, and without artillery, the insurgents would not venture into contact with the regular troops out of the city or in the open spaces within its circumference. They would erect *barri-cades*, and, availing themselves of the advantages which the occupation of the houses would give them over troops in the street, would stand on the defensive. Let us suppose these barricades, unlike those of 1830, which the troops in no one instance failed to surmount, to be really formidable defences, which the barricades of June, 1832, against Louis Philippe himself were. So far they might be successful and bid defiance to the government. But what is to prevent the troops from erecting counter-barricades, and also standing on the defensive? It is not likely that any government, deserving of the name, would wait till an outbreak actually occurred, as in 1830; but even at that crisis, if the handful of soldiery had been directed with ordinary prudence, affairs would, in

all human probability, have turned out very differently. After a series of false movements and blunders, (see Q. R., vol. xlv.) the only effect of which was to encourage the insurgents, the troops, though unconquered, were withdrawn, leaving the sceptre of France to whoever should have the boldness to grasp it.

That such would ever be the result under an energetic government, with the troops undebauched, we do not believe. In case of an insurrection being anticipated, there would be no difficulty in deciding beforehand on the different points which it would be advisable to occupy for the purpose of cutting off the communications and blockading the city, or such parts of it as should be known to contain the chief strength of the disaffected. All the necessary preparations might be quietly made, so that the people should know nothing of what was intended to be done, till, having risen in rebellion, they would suddenly find themselves hemmed in on every side.

But, though the forts would give decisive advantages to the troops in any encounter with the inhabitants, it is not on this that the power derived from the new system principally depends. Its source will be found in the accumulation of military strength in and around the capital, the almost necessary consequence of the great military establishments just created. Have barracks for 60,000 men been built at a vast expense to remain unoccupied? Are the thirty-three powder magazines, so well constructed, so dry—so fit to hold powder—to be turned to no account? In short, the capital of France is a vast fortress—the largest in the world; and the air of a fortress is not a congenial atmosphere for liberty. We are not surprised, therefore, that the prospect of the French legislature having to deliberate in all future times in the midst of such a gigantic garrison should have startled its members, including even some of those who originally voted for the royal project; but it was needless to stipulate that the works should not be armed with artillery except in case of war, for when domestic foes are to be resisted it will be done, as we have already shown, not by heavy artillery but by troops. They should rather have provided against the forts being garrisoned. But then it must be owned that it would be infinitely more dangerous to intrust these formidable works to any other keeping than that of the executive government. M. Joly, on the 5th May, 1845, said that the only object of the fortifications was to “fortify power”—and such will certainly be their effect whatever may have been their object. M. Duchatel, minister of the interior, replied on the 6th—and the admission made in this reply is remarkable—that they were intended to “fortify order, which is as necessary to liberty as to power, and without which there is no desirable liberty.” In how far M. Duchatel’s notions of liberty may coincide with the usual Parisian theories on that subject, we shall not now stop to inquire. It is evident that the physical force of the Parisian populace, so apparently omnipotent in all the phases of the revolution down to 1830, will be henceforward nullified; the ultimate power vested in the army—the stability of the government dependent simply on the fidelity of the troops. As the London “Examiner” truly and wittily said some years ago, they were flattered with the promise of a cuirass, and they have got a strait-waistcoat. We sincerely hope no outbreak of insanity may bring the fact to the test. But it is time to look at the

fortifications with reference to the avowed purposes of their erection.

We are satisfied that in an ordinary war, in which there should be no question as to the right to the throne of France, the capture of Paris, supposing it to be unfortified, would be no otherwise an object with a hostile power than as a circumstance of triumph and an opportunity of obtaining supplies and raising contributions—in a word, that it would have no material influence on the military results of the war. In the ordinary course of strategies Paris would never be attacked till the armies of France had been so defeated and broken that the mere possession of the capital would be a matter of little comparative importance. True, it has been twice occupied by foreign armies; but these were in neither case hostile armies. Professing friendship, and no wish but to assist the legitimate authority, they came and were received as deliverers and benefactors; and the periods of their occupation were as tranquil, as happy, as free, and as brilliant days as that city ever saw. The vanity of the people has been since acted upon to consider the "occupation" with bitterness; but a proper sentiment of patriotism would see, and did at the time see, in all the circumstances of the case, a friendly consideration for the feelings and a true appreciation of the interests of the French nation, and that the one unprincipled disturber of the peace of the world, and at that time the object of their own bitter execration,\* being got rid of, the foreign armies were no longer enemies and invaders, but allies and guests. Our opinion of the *magnum opus* of Louis Philippe, therefore, is, that there never was so vast and so expensive a work which was less likely to prove serviceable with reference to the avowed object of its author. This, however, by no means implies that in our notion the fortifications do not render the occupation of Paris by a foreign army more difficult. Quite the contrary. We believe that they would render a capture by regular siege nearly impossible; but our view is, that the efficacy of these works as defences will never be brought to the test, for the question of the military safety of France must be decided long before any invader could think of attacking the capital, and decided probably by events in which she should have no share.

Still, this "monster" fortress is a grand military curiosity, and as such is well worth examining;—the more so as the mode of the construction, that of a line of detached forts beyond an "enceinte continue" though not altogether new in theory, is, as a regular system, new in practice, and one, too, which has already been largely adopted by other nations, who, however, have applied it not to their capitals, but to frontier towns.

It is our belief that the works at Paris, while they fully answer what we suppose to be their original purpose of putting the capital in a cage, will stand the severest criticism if considered with reference to their ostensible and possible eventual object of resisting a hostile siege. This we shall now endeavor to show, and also, that field-works, the use of which in the present case has been advocated by respectable authorities, are not capable of being applied with advantage to the fortification

of large towns. But there are some preliminary points on which our non-military readers may perhaps thank us for a few observations. These are—the nature and extent of the wants of an army in the field, and the means usually resorted to of supplying them; the difference between the fortification of a permanent nature, usually applied in making towns defensible, and that of a slighter description, having generally for its temporary object the strengthening of positions occupied by armies in the field; and the mode of attacking each of these two sorts of fortification.

When a man is required to be capable of unremitting exertion for a lengthened period, to endure the march by day, the watch by night, and to be ready at all times to act with energy, it is clear that his physical powers must be well supported. Every man must have his meals wherever he may be. Fifty thousand men would be of little use so much more than a day without fifty thousand rations. Courage, resolution, the greatest mental energy, would avail them little; their arms would fall from their relaxed grasp, and their nerveless limbs refuse to support them. It is true that robust and hardy individuals have often proved themselves capable of continued exertion for considerable periods of time, with but uncertain and scanty supplies of food; but such deficiencies tell fearfully on the general's means, by diminishing not merely the spirit but the actual numbers of his men. The proportion of sick, always considerable, is sure to increase in the ratio of the hardships endured; and formidable armies have melted away to nothing under their influence, in incredibly short spaces of time.

If it is of vital consequence to preserve the health of those who are well, it is scarcely less important that prompt and constant care should be taken of the sick. It is evident that the slightest indisposition must render a soldier unable to perform his duty when that requires him to walk twenty or perhaps thirty miles in a day, with twenty pounds' weight on his back, besides his musket and ammunition, which together weigh seventeen pounds more; and to be ready to fight at any moment of the day or night. The most trifling accident on the line of march, such as blistering his foot or straining his ankle, may throw him out of the ranks, and days may elapse before he is again fit to join. From want of timely medical attention slight indisposition becomes serious illness, and serious illness soon ends in death. When inadequate provision is made for the sick as they leave their ranks, very few ever rejoin them; and even the ordinary infirmities to which human nature is liable cause an incessant and copious drain on the effective strength of the forces. When, on the contrary, the sick find ready assistance and relief, every halt made by the army enables numbers to rejoin their corps, and the diminution of force becomes much less considerable. The number of those who perish in battle, or afterwards from wounds, is small compared to those who die from other causes. During the last three years of the Peninsular war, the total number of deaths in the British army amounted annually to about 16 per cent. of the whole force. Of these only 4 per cent. died in battle, or of wounds which proved fatal soon after. The number of men sick in hospital usually averaged about one fourth of the whole. In less than three years and a half, out of a force the average strength of which was 61,500 men, nearly 34,000 died, and of these only one fourth fell by the sword; and this enormous mor-

\* It was only by the interference of the Allied Commanders that the population of Paris were prevented in 1815 from pulling down Bonaparte's statue from the column in the Place Vendôme, which they were about to do in a violent and clumsy way that would have endangered the limbs and lives of the operators.



tality occurred among a body of men all of whom, a short time previously, must have been in the healthiest vigor of youth or prime of manhood; so that it required the annual sacrifice of 6400 able-bodied men to keep in the field a working force of less than 50,000.\* If such was the amount of suffering and waste of life, when every expedient was adopted that foresight could suggest to provide proper food and raiment, and every other attainable comfort both in sickness and health, what must it be when these precautions are neglected? Of such neglect and its terrible and execrable consequences, Napoleon's campaigns of 1812 and 1813 afford memorable examples. From want of proper supplies alone, the French troops perished literally by hundreds of thousands.

In order to provide for troops in the field, it is usual to establish magazines as near the seat of war as may be consistent with perfect security. As the army penetrates into the enemy's country, the articles are gradually sent forward, and stores are accumulated wherever convenience combined with safety may render it expedient. As the more advanced magazines become exhausted, they are supplied from those in rear, which in their turn are replenished from the original source. To protect the convoys during their transit they are escorted by bodies of troops whose strength must of course depend on the danger apprehended; and for the safety of the magazines, garrisons are left in the fortified towns or other places of security where they have been established. There also provision is made for the sick and wounded, who, according as they recover or become hopelessly disabled, are sent forward to the army, or back to their own country. Thus a chain of communication is kept up between an army and its home; and this is technically called its *line of operations*; while the position of the original accumulation of stores is called the *base of operations*. In the field, when active operations are in progress, the arrangements of the commissariat must be accommodated to the changes of position. Drove of cattle, and trains of wagons containing provisions, follow within a short distance the movements of the army. At every halt the commissariat of each division establish their *dépôt* in its rear. From these a *dépôt* for each brigade is supplied, from whence the quarter-master of each regiment claims his proportion.

Whatever supplies can be obtained in the country occupied by the army, are of course collected for its use; but when the force is large, the great additional demand for food must soon render the supply of that article comparatively scanty; and a large army can seldom, except under circumstances to which we shall presently advert, remain for any length of time concentrated in a hostile country, independent of the resources derived from its own base of operations. From this it is clear that the maintenance of the line of operations is usually of the last importance. When it is broken, not only is the military activity of an army paralyzed, but its very existence placed in jeopardy.

This rule, though general, is not, however, of

\*In this particular there is a remarkable difference between the land and sea-services. The channel fleet, which consisted of twenty-four sail of the line with frigates, &c., on its return to Torbay in September, 1800, after a four months' cruise, sent only sixteen men to hospital. The average mortality in the navy in the years 1810, 11, and 12, was only 34 per cent.; since 1830 it has not been more than 1.4 per cent., which is less than the general average among men of the same age on shore.

universal application. The possession of a large city may place at the command of an invading army such ample resources as to render it independent of any other; and this can hardly fail to occur when the population of the city outnumbers the invading forces to any great extent. The supplies of food and other necessities, which have been for ages daily flowing in at every gate from the surrounding country, have but to be increased, and that perhaps in no very great proportion, to afford sufficient for the use of the invaders, who, with the citizens at their mercy, have only to insist on being first served. Clothing can usually be obtained in abundance, and on such occasions large subsidies of money have frequently been extorted. Were the invaded nation to cut off supplies from the invaders, they would starve their own city.

Many of our readers will probably remember, when in the course of their early travels they approached one of the fortresses celebrated in modern history, feeling some disappointment at its not presenting that formidable appearance which they had anticipated. Instead of frowning battlements and massive towers, they beheld nothing but verdant slopes and grassy mounds of slight elevation, raised, an inexperienced person might suppose, for no other purpose than suburban embellishment. They may remember too, how, after passing through the outer defences, their first feeling of disappointment gave way to astonishment at the vast size and extent of the component parts of the fortification; the high walls, which till that moment had been concealed from their view—the ditch or moat of a depth and width surpassing all expectation—and as they crossed it, the formidable rows of artillery placed apparently for the express purpose of defending the particular entrance they were approaching.

Since the invention of cannon the embattled towers of the middle ages have fallen into disuse;—they are now either restored or imitated only as objects of picturesque beauty. Even when gunnery was in its infancy, and the details of its cumbrous machinery of the rudest description, it was often enough to place a few guns in battery against a walled town to induce its surrender without dishonor to the defenders; so sure were the thickest walls to crumble down under the shock of their fire. Still high walls continued to be absolutely necessary to the security of fortresses; as, but for such an obstacle, an enterprising besieger might avail himself of the darkness of night to penetrate at some unguarded point; but it became a problem how to screen them from an enemy's artillery, at least till he should have arrived quite close to them:—and this has been solved by modern fortification. The ramparts are huge banks of earth, and they are rendered inaccessible from without by having their exterior faced with retaining walls of brick or stone. As the rampart rises directly from the inner edge of the ditch, the height of its retaining wall is comprehended between its summit and the bottom of the ditch; and the ditch is usually of such depth that more than half the wall is sunk below the general surface of the ground, and of course concealed from the view of any one not close to the outer edge of the ditch. That portion of the wall which extends above the level of the country, is covered by raising the ground outside the ditch. To enable the garrison to command this elevated portion the ramparts are raised somewhat above the walls with which they are faced; and all this upper part consists of earth, which, when its exterior is made with a considerable slope, is not nearly so

liable to injury from artillery fire as masonry; for when cannon-shot strike a bank of earth they merely bury themselves in it, and do but little damage. Instead of the slight parapet walls of the middle ages, sufficient to protect the defenders from archery, parapets are now huge banks of earth twenty feet thick. Thus military architecture, more perhaps than any other accompaniment of war, has lost what it once possessed of picturesque effect.

Though the complicated details of modern fortifications, whether seen in reality or in maps of towns, seem highly perplexing to the uninitiated, the general principles on which they are regulated are extremely simple. The chief conditions to fulfil are—that no walls shall be seen from any part of the neighborhood within such a distance as to admit of being battered by artillery; that the principal wall at least, enclosing the town, shall be of such height as to render the chance of an enemy's entering by surprise altogether hopeless; and that the whole surrounding country within range of the cannon of the fortress shall be everywhere open to its fire, so that an enemy shall not be able to approach it in any direction, or remain anywhere near it, without being exposed to almost certain destruction. The mode of ensuring the fulfilment of the first of these conditions we have already noticed, and our readers will perceive no difficulty as to the other two. Besides all this, fortresses are usually further strengthened by the addition, beyond the principal ditch, of a second line of defensive works, with deep ditches, scarcely less formidable than the main enclosure itself; and the whole works are so arranged and mutually adapted to each other, that every part of the ditch is commanded from some point of the interior defences. It is this arrangement, together with the variety of forms given to the outworks, according to the various purposes for which they are intended, which causes the complication of detail above alluded to.

It is apparent that to take a town thus fortified and resolutely defended, must be a work of no small difficulty: indeed, the siege of a large fortress is, under the most favorable circumstances, an undertaking of great magnitude; but when the besieger is far from his resources, and dependent for his various supplies on land carriage, slow and expensive at best, and liable to interruptions of all kinds, the amount of exertion necessary to bring it to a successful conclusion becomes vastly increased.

The first object of the besiegers is to subdue the artillery fire of the fortress sufficiently to admit of their accomplishing the second—which is to place a battery of cannon near enough to the edge of the great ditch, to effect, in the wall of the main rampart, a breach through which they may ultimately force their way into the place. But it is evident that the artillery cannot well come near enough to operate with effect, without being themselves exposed to the fire of the besieged; and, without cover in the open country, they could hardly be expected to prevail against enemies protected by strong earthen parapets: the besiegers must, therefore, build similar parapets to protect their men and guns. To do this, it is necessary to assemble large parties of workmen, who require to be supported by an armed force strong enough to resist any effort the garrison may make to interrupt the labor; and both must be covered, at least during day-light, from their enemy's fire.

The fortress is surrounded by troops, of course at a safe distance from its guns, during the day-

time, and the defenders are completely hemmed in on all sides to prevent them from gaining intelligence of what is passing without. The intentions of the besiegers with respect to the side of the fortress on which the attack is to be made, and the day and hour of its commencement, are carefully concealed; the garrison is, if possible, mystified by false demonstrations on all these points. Towards evening, when the night is expected to be dark, two bodies of troops are quietly assembled—one armed in the usual way for battle, and strong enough to repel, if necessary, the most vigorous sortie of the garrison—the other without arms and supplied merely with tools proper for breaking the ground and throwing up earth. As evening darkens into night the armed body silently approaches the fortress, and is extended ready for action just in front of the ground where the work is to be commenced. Close behind them come the working party, who are arranged by the engineers in a row, occupying a long line curved inwards, so as to be everywhere nearly equi-distant from the fortress. Every man then proceeds to excavate his portion of the ground to a depth of about three feet, or half his height; and the earth obtained from the excavation he throws up on the side of the fortress. Thus, before morning, a long trench has been made, with a great bank of earth in front of it, in which the armed party take refuge, and where they may remain concealed from the garrison and pretty well protected from its fire.

To get backwards and forwards between their camp or main position and this trench—which, from its direction with respect to the fortifications, is called the first "parallel"—one or more trenches are made by the same kind of operation and at the same time, in oblique directions, or with alternate changes of direction forming zig-zags, so as not to admit of being seen into by the garrison. These latter, from their leading towards the fortress, are called "approaches." During the day the trenches are widened, till at nightfall they have attained a width of ten or twelve feet, the bank in front being thickened proportionably. In this manner the besiegers succeed in establishing a tolerably safe position—near enough to admit of their heavy artillery acting against the fortress with effect—and at the same time a road by which they may bring it there without its being interrupted by the garrison. The next thing to be done is to raise, by the same kind of process, earthen parapets for their batteries close to the parallel—and when these are completed, the heavy artillery is brought forward and distributed in the different batteries from one extreme to the other of the besiegers' line, so that their fire may converge on that part of the fortress where the breach is to be made.

Before undertaking a siege with anything like a fair prospect of success, a commander must have provided artillery sufficient to overcome that of the place. When, therefore, after a day or two, the fire of the besiegers is less vigorously returned by the garrison, the former may approach much nearer to the fortifications with comparative impunity. A second parallel is then made in the same manner as the first, and zig-zag approaches, as before, to lead from one to the other. In this manner, by alternate parallels and approaches, the trenches are gradually extended towards the place; but when they arrive near enough to be within range of small arms, it becomes necessary to adopt a mode of excavating them different from that above described, which requires the troops to work in a row; dig-

ging the whole trench at the same time would be impracticable under musketry fire. The method by which they are thus extended is called the "sap"—whence the well-known name of "sappers"—and a description of this operation may not prove uninteresting, although we fear it will be difficult to divest it sufficiently of technicalities.

It is of importance to the besiegers to raise the banks of earth in front of their trenches as quickly as possible to a height which will cover them from their enemies' fire. To facilitate this it is customary to use a kind of baskets, of a cylindrical form, open at both ends, about three feet in length and two in diameter, which, being placed on end in a row and filled with earth, form a sort of wall strong enough to resist musket balls, and high enough to cover men in the trenches. They have besides the advantage of rendering the banks of earth firmer on the side next the trench, and also steeper, so as to afford more effectual cover, a matter of great consequence when near the place. These baskets, or "gabions," are so essential to a besieger's operations, that previous to the commencement of a siege a vast store of them is always provided. Each sapper, when at work, to protect himself in front rolls before him a large gabion rendered musket-proof by being filled with fascines (*i. e.* fagots of sticks, about nine or ten inches in diameter,) and for further safety he is generally armed with a helmet and cuirass.

When within range of musketry fire, instead of making the whole trench at once, parties of sappers gradually extend the trenches and their parapets in the required directions, in the following manner. One sapper digs a small trench, and, as he advances, places gabion after gabion, which he fills with earth in succession. He is closely followed by a second sapper, who enlarges the trench and throws the earth over the gabions; and a third and a fourth in succession, who enlarge the trench still further, and strengthen the parapet with the earth which they throw out. After them come the working parties of infantry, who complete the trenches and parapets to their full size. By this means the besiegers manage to carry on their work even under fire, though the operation is one of great danger to the sappers.

As fast as the trenches and parapets are completed they are occupied by marksmen, for the purpose of subduing the fire of the fortress, and lessening the danger to the working parties. As the besiegers advance, the parallel trenches are multiplied in all directions, and every individual marksman of the garrison has many to contend with. While a heavy fire of musketry is thus brought against the defenders, in addition to that from the artillery, which continues to the last, the sappers ply their task and gradually but surely advance, till at length their tortuous paths reach the edge of the great ditch or moat, and the walled ramparts are exposed to view. To effect breaches in these with battering-cannon is then a work of no great difficulty; and though the besiegers during their further progress may have to sustain many a bloody conflict and suffer more than one severe repulse, success is almost sure at last, and generally too within a period which may be calculated with tolerable accuracy. The increasing dilapidation of the fortifications, caused by the besiegers' artillery, renders them daily less defensible. The ruined ramparts open points of access to the interior, and every hour increases the anxious tasks of the defenders, while it decreases their

numbers and spirits. Meanwhile the besiegers reach the ditch by means of subterranean passages which they make for that purpose; and if the garrison, having fortified the breaches in the ramparts, still persist in the defence, the sappers continue to advance as before. Slowly, but not less certainly, they extend their serpentine path across the ditch and up the breaches till they reach the very last defences.

When this has occurred, further resistance is generally considered hopeless, and the risking an assault can hardly be justified, unless when there is some probability of effectual succor arriving within a given period of time.\* When a besieger's troops have been irritated by the hardships and difficulties of a long and obstinate resistance, it is extremely difficult to exercise any control over them at the moment of a successful assault. The bonds of discipline are snapped, and it has not unfrequently occurred that officers have fallen victims to their humane endeavors to restrain their men from violence. The almost unavoidable fate of a town taken by storm should, most certainly, have great weight with a commandant, in addition to any purely military reasons which he may have for not pushing matters to extremity.

The unprofessional reader will by this time have formed some idea of the amount of force, and of military stores and material, which a general must have at his command before undertaking a siege. He will understand that the armed force which guards the trenches must not at any time be in numbers much inferior to the garrison. Their number is usually calculated at about three fourths of the latter; for it never could be expected that the whole garrison would sally forth at once, leaving the fortress totally unguarded. As the guard of the trenches must be constantly on the alert, it is necessary to relieve them every twenty-four hours; and they should have at least two days' rest for every one they are on duty. Thus the besieger must have constantly in readiness three times the number of men required for each guard. Then the working parties should be relieved every eight hours, and should have twenty-four hours' rest for eight hours' work; so that the whole number required for work must be four times as great as the party actually working. Besides the duties peculiar to the siege, there are many others which, in every army, must at all times be provided for—such as the guards to watch the approaches to the camp or to keep order within it, the escorts for the protection of the sick and wounded, or for convoys of stores and provisions. In addition to the infantry and cavalry required for these purposes, the corps of sappers and miners and the artillery form no small items in the numerical amount of a besieging army. It is calculated that thirty thousand men would be required for the siege of a regularly fortified place, with a garrison of five thousand; and that, to besiege ten thousand men, more than fifty thousand should be employed; and these cal-

\* This general principle has long been, and, in spite of Napoleon and Carnot, still is, held to be right by most military authorities. The circumstances under which an assault may be threatened are so various that much allowance ought always to be made for a commandant who has to deliberate on them, particularly when he has no certain information as to what is passing beyond the walls of his fortress. Though it seems to be the simple, straightforward duty of a soldier to resist to the last, and we usually sympathize with those who do so, yet all must agree in condemning him who causes blood to be shed without some prospect of benefit to the cause which he upholds.



ulations do not take into account the constant drain on the force caused by sickness and casualties, for which a large allowance must generally be made. The transport of the artillery to besiege an inland fortress of any importance is of itself a very serious operation; a battering-train of medium size, with the necessary quantity of ammunition for a siege, requires from ten to fifteen thousand horses to draw it.

We now come to that slighter description of fortification which is usually applied to strengthen the positions of armies in the field. Instead of vast ramparts faced by walls thirty feet high, with ditches twenty feet deep and forty yards wide, the defences of what are termed "field-works" consist chiefly of earthen breastworks or parapets, eight or nine feet in height, with ditches in front of them, at the utmost twelve feet deep, and perhaps eighteen feet wide. These are strengthened with wooden palisades and other obstacles of a similar description; and various expedients besides are adopted to increase the difficulty of approach, and its danger, of course, by detaining the assailants for more or less time under the fire of the defenders, who themselves are in comparative safety behind their breastworks. By damming up a stream, for instance, an inundation may be formed, which, if even only a foot or two in depth, may prove of great value to the defence; or steep rocky hills may be scarped so as to render their ascent impracticable; or trees may be cut down and laid closely together, with their branches towards the enemy, so as to perplex the passage over ground otherwise easy. The expedients are as various as the circumstances of the locality; and the skill of the engineer is never more tested than in an extensive system of field-defences. These works are, however, rarely if ever employed, except for increasing the strength of positions which already possess considerable capabilities. The object is most frequently to confer advantages in a field of battle on the weaker side, who, being constrained to act on the defensive, usually retire to some position previously selected, and if possible fortified, which an enemy cannot venture to pass by for fear of endangering his line of operations. Or, when two armies are in presence of each other, either side may raise such field-defences as the time and the means they may happen to possess will allow. Positions also occur which an enemy must necessarily attack in order to reach a capital city, or other point of vital importance to the safety of a nation, and which, not admitting of being occupied by permanent fortifications, must derive their strength from field-works. The celebrated lines before Lisbon, fortified by the Duke of Wellington in 1810, were of this sort. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that these defences, which Massena, though he remained six months in front of them, did not even venture to attack, owed their strength solely to the artificial means employed; and when people reason on the use of field-lines on other occasions, from their complete success in this instance, we must bear in mind the particular circumstances under which they were applied. The ground was remarkably strong, and presented peculiar facilities for being further strengthened by field-works; and the position was incapable of being turned, as its flanks rested on the Tagus on one hand, and on the sea on the other. Nevertheless, every critic but a Frenchman must admire the boldness of that military genius which, in defiance of the ordinary rules

of war, decided on occupying, with less than thirty thousand men, a defensive line of twenty-four miles; neither can we withhold our admiration from the consummate skill which, exercised in the highest branch of the military engineer's art, succeeded in rendering the great barrier effectual.

Experience has shown that field fortifications on ground which offers no extraordinary advantages for defence do not afford anything like security when the disparity of force is considerable. For example, Fort Picurina at Badajoz, a strong field-work with a wet ditch, was taken at the first assault, when that town was besieged in 1812; and in the same year the horn-work of St. Michael also fell on the first night of the siege of Burgos. The storming by Lord Hill's corps of the formidable defences of the bridge over the Tagus at Almaraz, an event of the same year, may also be quoted, although the principal works partook more of the permanent than the field character. Perhaps, indeed, it affords even a better example than either of the other, as it shows the danger which may arise from trusting to field-fortifications, even when they are combined with permanent ones. The first work attacked by Lord Hill on that occasion was Fort Napoleon, a strong field-redoubt, though not, it would appear, very skillfully constructed. It was stormed in a few minutes by the British troops, though without the aid of artillery; and the garrison, retreating into the permanent *fête du pont*, were so closely followed by their assailants that these entered pell-mell with them, and they had no choice but to continue their retreat across the bridge. Thus the loss of the permanent defences of the bridge was chiefly owing to there being a field-work a little in advance of them.

The mode of attacking field-works, when it is possible to get at them, is simple enough. A concentrated fire of field-artillery is directed on the part intended to be attacked, for the purpose of breaking down palisades or other such obstacles, on which depends the difficulty of access to the breastworks. When it is supposed that this object is effected, the troops rush forwards, preceded, if necessary, by parties carrying short ladders, or fagots and haybags to throw into the ditch to fill it up, and they scramble over the defences as best they can. When an attack of this sort succeeds, and such an occurrence is by no means rare, it lasts perhaps but for a few minutes; and if not successful at first, it may be repeated at very short intervals, and each time with improved chances, owing to the greater injury the works must have sustained.

We have already shown that one of the chief difficulties which an invader has to encounter is much lessened while he holds possession of a large town within his enemy's frontier, for it gives him the command of the resources of the neighboring country, and relieves him from dependence on his line of operations. Hence an unfortified city is, when viewed in a military light, a weak point; and the larger the city the greater the weakness. But when such a place is fortified and garrisoned, not only is the weak point protected, but a serious stumbling-block is thrown in the way of the invader, whom it places under the necessity either of undertaking a siege or of leaving behind him a portion of his army to protect his communications. There can be no doubt, therefore, that fortifying any large city increases the power of resistance to invasion, though the advantage diminishes with its distance from the frontier. In this way the fortifi-

ations of Paris cannot fail to have considerable effect, though not, we believe, to the extent which their advocates claim for them.

Fortified as Paris now is, it runs no chance of ever being assailed unless in a war waged against France by the combined power of Europe. Let us suppose that disastrous reverses have reduced the disposable force of France to one hundred thousand men, and that, pressed by superior numbers on the north-eastern frontier, seventy thousand were to retreat to Paris, and the remainder behind the Loire, leaving a large garrison in Lyons, which also is now very strongly guarded with detached forts. If the invaders, having entered France on the north-east, were to endeavor to penetrate into the western and southern provinces, their communications would be liable to attack from Paris on one side, and from Lyons on the other. A siege of the latter city would only protract the war, and give time for recruiting and organizing the national forces. We will therefore suppose—contrary to what we believe will ever be the case, but as an hypothesis—the enemy determined to make every exertion to gain possession of the capital, with the hope of thereby bringing the war to a speedy conclusion.

To reduce Paris by a blockade would be a hopeless undertaking. The closest line that could be drawn around it, outside the forts, for such a purpose, would be not less than forty-five miles in length. The forces spread over this extended line would be liable to be attacked by a large army on any point, and at any moment of the day or night, without the least previous notice. As neither distant marches nor complex movements would be necessary for such attacks, the regular troops might be reinforced by large numbers of the National Guard. Fighting almost in presence of their friends, the youth of Paris would have every incitement to distinguish themselves; and their ardor being unchecked by the hardships and fatigues of military servitude, they would prove truly formidable opponents. It may safely be affirmed that an army of seventy thousand men, blockaded in Paris, might in a very short time be raised to a hundred thousand. The intervals between the detached forts afford every facility both for sudden advance and for safe retreat. The ordinary arrangement of the roads, too, would be highly unfavorable to a blockading force. The principal ones, radiating in all directions from the common centre, would lead the French troops at once and with ease to any point of their enemies' line; whereas every movement of the latter to concentrate their forces would have to be made by the cross-roads, and it so happens that those in the neighborhood of Paris are bad and intricate. If, in addition to all this, we take into consideration the difficulties of maintaining, for the period of time necessary to reduce the city by starvation, a long line of operations through a hostile country, to support the vast force required for a blockade, we must own our conviction that such an undertaking could not succeed.

To besiege Paris would be scarcely less difficult. Experience has shown that the duration of a siege, under ordinary circumstances, may be calculated with some degree of precision, according to the size of the place and the strength of its fortifications; and the principle having been applied to the detached forts, it has been maintained that any one of them might be taken by a regular siege in seven or eight days. It must be remembered, however, that

such calculations have always presumed the besiegers to have no other enemy to contend with than the garrison of the place attacked. Now it would very much alter the case, if, in addition to its own garrison, perhaps three or four thousand strong, a fort were to be defended by a hundred thousand men. This is altogether a novel case, and we think gives rise to a curious military question. The old maxims, "petite place, mauvaise place," and "place assiégée, place prise," are here no longer applicable. From the account which has been given of a siege, our readers will understand that, the whole operation being carried on within range of the guns of the fortress, it is necessary that the troops employed should be covered from their fire; and this is done by posting them in long trenches, mostly parallel to the fortifications, which trenches are gradually extended towards the place till they reach it. If the besiegers should be liable at any moment to be attacked by fifty or sixty thousand men, it follows that, to repel them, the guard of the trenches should be at least as numerous; but on the lowest calculation it would take about ten miles of trench to hold such a force. Let any one imagine an army of twenty thousand men poured suddenly on each flank of a besieger. It may be urged, indeed, that sufficient troops might at all times be held in readiness, out of reach of the guns of the place, to assist the guard of the trenches if they should be attacked by greatly superior numbers, so as to secure them from being ultimately overpowered; but in the mean time the besiegers' works might be damaged to a great extent, their guns spiked, their magazines blown up. Mischief might be done in a few minutes which it would take days to repair. The ordinary mode of carrying on a siege imperatively requires that the guard of the trenches shall be strong enough to ensure the defeat of any sortie which the garrison can make; and that guard must always be posted quite close to the place for the protection of the siege-works, of the parties employed in forwarding them, and also of the artillery, both guns and men. How a force capable of resisting such sorties as we have mentioned could be so posted, and at the same time covered from the fire of the place, we are quite at a loss to imagine. In fact, it is more than doubtful that the usual siege operations would be at all applicable in such a case; and any others that might be resorted to must be matter for conjecture, for no siege has ever yet taken place under anything like similar circumstances. In whatever way the siege might be conducted, it would at all events, by reason of the powerful means of defence, be an operation of great magnitude. It would be necessary for an enemy to take two or three of the forts before he could attack the "enceinte;" and unless he were prepared for a second siege it would be useless to commence the first. The difficulties, too, with respect to the line of operations, would, as in the case of a blockade, be very great; for, in addition to the ordinary supplies of an army, a large battering-train, with ammunition and material for two sieges, would be required; and in case of failure there would be much risk of these being sacrificed. In short, the more we examine the difficulties which must attend the attack of a large fortress like Paris with a permanent "enceinte continue" and an extensive system of detached forts, and capable of accommodating, in addition to its own garrison, a large army, the more we incline to the belief that they are insuperable. Whether such a fortress would not be

more in the way of an invader if situated on the frontier, like Cologne or Coblenz, instead of in the interior like Paris, is another question.

It is always a matter for serious consideration, what, in the event of a city being besieged, would be the consequences to its inhabitants. Fortifying large towns has generally been with much reason objected to by the citizens. The advantages they may derive from the fortifications are seldom such as to make up for the consequences of a siege, which, when the place is fortified in the ordinary manner, are disastrous in the extreme. However averse besiegers may be to injure private property, or to hurt non-combatants, they cannot well help doing both by the fire which they must direct on the defences. Precision in the use of projectiles cannot be confined within very narrow limits. The highest perfection attainable in the use of artillery must always be attended with numerous disturbing causes beyond the artilleryist's control, and indeed quite imperceptible to him, though their effects are sufficiently evident. Shot and shells grazing the ground a little beyond or short of their mark usually proceed onwards by successive bounds, and range many hundred yards further; being at the same time liable to considerable lateral deflection as they happen to glance from the objects against which they strike in their course. The consequence is that a besieger's fire cannot well produce any serious impression on the massive works of the fortifications, without utterly destroying the slighter buildings of the town to a great extent beyond them. But the evils to which the citizens are thus of necessity exposed are small compared to those which the besiegers may voluntarily inflict. Though the bombardment of a town does not necessarily compel its surrender, it cannot fail, if carried into effect with vigor, to do serious injury to it. The destruction of the time-honored monuments of any great city, of its churches, its public buildings, would cause an irreparable loss to the civilized world. When, therefore, as in the case of Cologne, the safety of a nation requires that such a city should be fortified, it is clearly essential that its defences should be so arranged as to preclude all risk of such disasters.

To secure a city from bombardment the fortifications must be at such a distance from it as to place it beyond the reach of a besieger's artillery; to effect this object by means of a continuous enclosure would generally require one of such enormous extent as to make the construction of such a work quite out of the question. It can only be done, therefore, by means of detached works; and as these leave intervals through which an enemy may easily pass, the city would require the additional protection of a continuous enclosure within them. The large circuit also, which a line of detached forts may be made to occupy, must always greatly increase the difficulties of a blockade. Among those who have agreed on the expediency of fortifying Paris, the only question seemed for a long time to be, which of the two was preferable, a system of detached forts or a continuous rampart; whereas both are essentially necessary in the construction of such fortresses, the one to keep the enemy's artillery at a distance, and the other to secure the city from assault. The objections which generally exist to shutting up an army in a fortress do not apply in these cases. The intervals between the forts and the ample space which they enclose afford the utmost facility for the movements of large bodies of troops; so that an army occupy-

ing a place so fortified would have all the freedom necessary for a manœuvring force, combined with the security of a garrison.

The application of field-works to these kinds of fortifications would give a totally different character to their defensive capabilities, and would render them much less effective. The assistance which a movable army can afford to the garrisons of the fortifications, owes its efficacy principally to the necessity under which an enemy would find himself of resorting to regular siege operations. If the defenders exercise but moderate vigilance, every part of the fortress is secure against assault. Numbers, however multiplied, would afford no additional chance of success: a hundred thousand men would be as little likely to take one of the forts as a thousand. To attack, therefore, any of the defensive works, an enemy must regularly besiege them, and the enormous difficulty of doing so in face of a large movable force has already been pointed out. On the other hand, all our experience goes to prove that field-works, unless where the ground is naturally strong, are anything but secure; and though they give great advantages to an army occupying a defensive position, the disparity of numbers for which they are capable of compensating is limited. Attacks on them do not necessarily occupy much time; an assailant may therefore choose favorable moments; and when the line is extensive he may, by a false attack, draw the principal strength of the defenders to one part of it, and then direct a real one on some less-guarded point before they have discovered their mistake. The bare possibility of an enemy's taking the city by storm would give rise to frequent alarms, which could not be otherwise than prejudicial to the defence. On the whole, it appears that the security afforded by field-works is so precarious that they are but ill adapted to the fortifications of a large city.

The project of fortifying Paris in modern times is not new; there exists a short memoir on the subject, written by Vauban in 1689, which, however, he seems to have drawn up more as a suggestion for consideration than as a direct proposal for practical use. He begins by pointing out the great importance of Paris to the rest of France, and the consequent expediency of providing for its safety. He says, "It is impossible to take too many precautions to preserve it, and the more so that if an enemy had forced our frontiers, beaten and dissipated our armies, and at last penetrated the interior of the kingdom, which is very difficult, I admit, but not impossible, one cannot doubt that he would make every effort to render himself master of the capital." The city was then surrounded with old walls in an imperfect state, which occupied the line of the present Boulevards. These were to be repaired and strengthened by the addition of an earthen rampart and parapet for artillery, and a deep ditch in front. Beyond this "à la très grande portée de canon," or at a distance of 1000 to 1200 toises, he proposed to establish a continuous enclosure consisting of a regular permanent rampart with bastion fronts, on the largest scale, with the addition of outworks, covered way, and every detail of the most complete construction. This outer "enceinte" would have occupied a line only a short distance beyond the present "mur d'octroi," but it would have been more extensive, as compared to the circumference of Paris in those days, than the present "enceinte continue" is to that of the existing city. Besides these there were to be two citadels within the outer "enceinte,"



close to the river, and on opposite sides of it, one above and the other below the city. They were to be pentagonal bastioned forts, something like the present citadel of Antwerp; and their principal object was to be that of keeping the city in subjection, lest, being so fortified, "it might become formidable even to its master."

While France professes to take measures against being attacked, though no one has the least wish or intention of assailing her, or indeed could gain anything by doing so, her neighbors, taught by sad experience, have taken effectual precautions for their own protection against that ever-daring and inflammable nation. Ever since the war the several German states have been busily engaged in the erection of fortifications on a great scale, and they still continue the task with unabated diligence. Vast fortresses, guarded from bombardment by detached forts, have been constructed, not as in former times, to contain mere garrisons insufficient to check an invader, but as secure positions for large armies, which it would be almost as dangerous to besiege as to pass by. From Switzerland to the sea an effectual barrier already exists against any encroachment from the west; and if it would serve no purpose for the Germans to invade France, it would be a hopeless undertaking for the French to invade Germany. Thus fortification on a vast scale, however formidable its aspect, may be in fact conducive to peace—removing the temptation to aggressive war by diminishing the probability of its success. While the astonishingly increasing facilities for travelling promote pacific intercourse among the nations of Europe, effectual precautions are being taken to prevent its interruption; and in our rapid and easy progress from city to city, we are reminded by their massive defences how difficult it would be to enter them on other than friendly terms.

From an English paper.

#### THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

##### *A Parody on the "Song of the Shirt."*

WEARY, and wounded, and worn—  
Wounded and ready to die,  
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,  
On the field of battle to lie.  
The dead and dying alone  
Could their presence and pity afford;  
Whilst, with a sad and terrible tone,  
He sang the Song of the Sword.

Fight! fight! fight!  
Though a thousand fathers die;  
Fight! fight! fight!  
Though thousands of children cry;  
Fight! fight! fight!  
Whilst mothers and wives lament;  
And fight! fight! fight!  
Whilst millions of money are spent.

Fight! fight! fight!  
Should the cause be foul or fair;  
Though all that 's gained is an empty name  
And a tax too great to bear;  
An empty name and a paltry fame,  
And thousands lying dead;  
Whilst every glorious victory  
Must raise the price of bread.

War! war! war!  
Fire, and famine, and sword;

Desolate fields and desolate towns,  
And thousands scattered abroad  
With never a home and never a shed;  
Whilst kingdoms perish and fall,  
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,  
And all—for nothing at all.  
Ah! why should such mortals as I  
Kill those whom we never could hate!  
'T is obey your commander or die—  
'T is the law of the Sword and the State.  
For we are the veriest slaves  
That ever had their birth;  
For to please the whim of a tyrant's will  
Is all our use upon earth.

War! war! war!  
Musket, and powder, and ball;  
Ah! what do we fight so for!  
Ah! why have we battles at all!  
'T is justice must be done, they say,  
The nation's honor to keep:  
Alas! that justice is so dear,  
And human life so cheap!  
'T is sad that a Christian land—  
A professedly Christian state,  
Should thus despise that high command—  
So useful and so great—  
Delivered by Christ himself on earth,  
Our constant guide to be:  
To "love our neighbors as ourselves  
And bless our enemy."

War! war! war!  
Misery, murder and crime,  
Are all these blessings I've seen in thee  
From my youth to the present time;  
Misery, murder, and crime,  
Crime, misery, murder, and woe;  
Ah! would I had known in my younger days,  
In my hours of boyish glee,  
A tenth of its misery;  
I now had been joining a happy band  
Of wife and children dear,  
And I had died in my native land,  
Instead of dying here.

Weary, and wounded, and worn—  
Wounded, and ready to die,  
A soldier they left all alone and forlorn,  
On the field of battle to lie:  
The dead and the dying alone  
Could their presence and pity afford,  
Whilst thus, with a sad and terrible tone,  
(Oh! would that those truths were more perfectly  
known,)  
He sang the Song of the Sword.

VOID BEQUESTS.—The annuities lately bequeathed to the canine and feline species, under the will of the late Mrs. Johnson, of Hampstead, are declared to be void, upon the opinion of counsel being taken, from the bequests being made to these animals, and not to persons in trust for them. The clause is in these words:—"I give to my black dog, Carlo, an annuity of 30*l.* a year, during the dog's life, to be paid half-yearly. Unto each of the cats, Blacky, Jemmy, and Tom, I give an annuity of 10*l.* a year for the three cats, to be paid half-yearly. Margaret Potson and Harriet Holly, my mother's old servants, to take charge of the dog and cats." The value of these annuities will therefore lapse into the residue. The testatrix was a single lady, and left personal property to the amount of 25,000*l.*

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE BELLE.

[The following is intended as a series of sketches of but a small portion of such scenery and customs as fell under the writer's notice at Oporto and its neighborhood, some years since, and of which the recollections are now revived and confirmed by a visit to the same quarter. Of the few incidents recorded, there are probably none which are not true; and of the characters, perhaps no feature which was not taken from the life, somewhere or other, though not among these particular scenes; with one exception, which is noted in its place. Characters and incidents are so intermingled and transposed from their original relations, though, it is hoped, without violation either of fact or probability, that scandal itself must be unusually ingenious if it find a single line which can be offensively applied to any individual. This is neither a novel nor a romance, and least of all a satire. Thus much the writer premises, in order that "The Belle" may not be reproached for raising expectations which are not realized, nor for indulging in personal freedoms, which have been carefully avoided.]

*The Foz, near Oporto.*

In the autumn of 1835, a steamship, bound for Portugal with passengers from Falmouth, after encountering some heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay, was "making short miles" in latitude 45, when at daybreak the appearance of several gannets, willocks, and sea-parrots, prepared the crew for the welcome cry of land, which greeted them soon after sunrise. Most of the passengers remained all day on deck, eagerly gazing on the bold and picturesque headlands and rocks, as the vessel ran down the coast of Galicia. Before sunset, they were off Vigo; and after a few hours more, they stood off St. John Da Foz, at the mouth of the harbor of Oporto, and beat about all night in a pitching sea. On the following morning, the scene was enlivened by the view of several merchant vessels from England, Newfoundland, and other quarters, which had been for some days lingering off the capricious bar of Oporto, and were still wearing and tacking about, under a brisk breeze, unable to get into the river. Numbers of Portuguese fishing-boats, and little barks, and yachts, and schooners, some few at anchor, and dancing on their cables, but most of them scudding hither and thither over a green and foaming sea, added to the animation of the scene. Two fine ships from South America, heavily laden, one from Maranhão and one from Para, were looming in the distance. The land prospect was also striking, especially on the right bank of the Douro, where the suburb of Masarellos, and the villas and gardens above it, and part of the city of Porto, overtopped by the tall tower of the church of the Clerigos, formed a rich picture, with a background of remote hills. The people on board the steamer were anxiously expecting a pilot, and a signal from the little castle of the Foz. A pilot came off, and gave them hopes of speedy admission; but they soon had the mortification to be warned off by a gun from the castle; for the bar was still impracticable. The wind, however, somewhat abated, and the steamer anchored off the village of Foz, consoled through the night by the proximity of the revolving burners of Our Lady of the Light. At noon next day, the wind came round from the

north, the tide served, the red signal-flag was hoisted from the castle, and the pilot of the steamer lost no time in taking the lead of the little fleet of vessels and small craft that now bore up merrily for the bar. It was pleasant to see that smoking and tremulous machine, followed by white sail after sail, before a stirring breeze, and under a glorious sunny sky, making way with courage and caution between the rocky shores, over movable sands, while guns from the fort were frequently, and perhaps over busily, fired, to warn the crowding vessels not to press too closely on each other. They were surrounded by sharp-prowed boats, filled with the dusky Portuguese boatmen, watchful to give aid if any accident should require it. On the Cabedello sand, to the right, was a Brazilian ship, that had been stranded a few days before, lying on her beam ends; an emphatic evidence of the insecurity of the passage in rough weather. The left shore was lined with spectators. Strange buildings, strange physiognomies, the roar of waters, and uproar of voices, interested and excited the most apathetic of the strangers.

Several of the passengers in the steamer were Portuguese constitutionalists, whom discretion or necessity had kept aloof from their native city, while it was undergoing the severe ordeal of a siege; and who, now that the Pedroite party was in the ascendant, arrived in time to sing Donna Maria's hymn, and to make a merit of their patriotic sufferings in exile.

There were also some English merchants and their families, and others who had connections at Oporto. Among the latter, was Mr. Forsyth, a gentleman who was neither young nor old, and who had come to pass a few months in this part of the Peninsula, with or near one of his relatives, a merchant of the place. Mr. Forsyth was, or rather had been, a man of the world, though never a worldly man. He was one of the many who have entered into social life with warm and ambitious feelings, expecting from the world more sympathy than it is willing, or perhaps able, to bestow. "Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity; for vanity shall be his recompense." He had been in parliament, and disappointed in some lofty hopes, because he could not, or would not, perceive that in resolving to be "an independent member" of the senate, he was, as a public man, sowing his hopes of usefulness in the most barren soil of English politics. Independence of party is a very fine thing in theory; in the English house of commons, it is, or was, a solecism. Mr. Forsyth had other causes of disgust with the world. He had been betrayed and considerably injured in fortune by the friend he had most loved and trusted: a common case; but it is difficult to persuade any injured man that he is not the most injured man upon earth. He had been forced into a chancery suit, an evil to which Job was not subjected. He had been compelled to give written answers to some two thousand questions and cross-questions, barbed with every sort of impertinence, and many of them as reasonable as if he had been asked, whether he had not cut off his own head, and carried it for a year in his pocket. He had been vilified and belied to a prodigious extent by an impudent lawyer; and in his indignation forgot that the brawler had no interest in the matter but his fees, no measure of truth but an attorney's brief, and that at the command of any other attorney who happened first to retain him he would

have lied as volubly on the other side, or on any other question. In short, Mr. Forsyth was a heart-worn man, and somewhat of a cynic.

Oporto, on its bluff and craggy hills, opposed by the heights of Villa Nova and the Serra Convent, with the broad, many-colored Douro flowing between, is at all times a striking object to the comer from the seas, and was now more interesting than ever, after its long siege, and still surrounded, as it was, with the intrenched lines, and the now harmless batteries that had insulted it so long. The steamship, after receiving the visit of the health-boat, &c., quickly glided up the river, and came to anchor off the unroofed convent of St. Anthony. The deck was speedily crowded with glad visitors; long estranged friends were exchanging warm greetings. Mr. Forsyth landed, and was conducted by his relative to the house of the latter in the city. The heat and bustle of a great commercial town were not, however, what Mr. Forsyth had left London to seek; and in a day or two, he retired to a house lent to him by his relation, at Foz, the village already mentioned, at the mouth of the Douro, and three miles north of the city.

A motley place is the village of Foz. Suppose, in about latitude 41, longitude 8, a ragged curve of rocks of sundry shades, from yellowish brown to black, varying in height from three or four, to fifteen or twenty feet, and broken into a thousand forms by the everlasting pressure of the Atlantic Ocean on this salient portion of the Old World. Suppose, among these wave-rent rocks, many sands, creeks, and little bays; within them a sloping shore of soft, deep sand, surmounted by a rough bank, on which a village has been constructed, on a scheme as rude and irregular as that of the rocks it overlooks. What must have been originally a hamlet for fishermen, is now the fashionable sea-bathing place of the north of Portugal. Huts and hovels of the meanest appearance remain, unabashed by the taller and more commodious residences that have sprung up among them for the reception of summer visitants. This village, which covers a considerable extent of ground, is intersected by several ill-paved lanes, called streets, by courtesy; and these are linked by others still narrower, winding up and down in eccentric carelessness, and wandering among garden walls. On a moderate height, at the northern extremity of the place, is the lighthouse of Our Lady of the Light. The broad, substantial church, is conspicuous in the centre of the village, amidst a cluster of houses of all sizes. Below the church, on a tongue of land that projects into the sea, stands the little sullen fort that protects the mouth of the harbor, and domineers over the incoming and outgoing shipping. The opposite shore, the left bank of the river, is a stiff ridge darkened with pine-trees. At its base are some huge gray stones. A bank of sand, called the Cabedello, runs across the harbor, of which the mouth, between that bank and the fort, is therefore very narrow. Just without the entrance to the river, are many sunken, and some visible rocks, with shifting sands among them, and these form the bar of Oporto. Eastward of the fort, is an unfinished wall of strong masonry, checking the tide; and within it is a large area of sand, where the fishermen make, mend, and dry their nets, and bleach their wet sails in the sun. This is called the Lower Cantereira. Between it and the Upper Cantereira, a pleasant thinly planted walk along the river side

towards Oporto, are two sloped causeways, flagged, landing-places for the city-boats and the fishermen's catraças.

This little scattered chaos of sombre rocks, yellow sands, white walls, and red-tiled roofs, of tenements incongruously spread, or rather thrown as if by chance, in clumps and patches, here huddled in bunches, and there diffused in thin lines, is *San Joam da Foz*—St John's of the mouth of the river. Yet, even in its architecture, there are some things that strike the eye of the stranger, as having a character of elegance; particularly the stone crosses that are seen above the various chapels and oratories, and from some points of view, when the eye comes upon them suddenly, have a singularly mystical appearance: for instance, when they are seen over a trellis of vines that hide the building to which they belong, and show them, as it were, self-poised in air. The stone fountains, too, with their picturesque frequenters, to be noticed hereafter, are always pleasing objects.

At the back of the village, (town, it is entitled,) are fields of grass, and rye, and maize, and dark pine groves, so resinously fragrant after showers; all these objects, and, above all, that grand, ever-variable ocean, and the glorious sunny skies, and the magic of the climate for the greater portion of the year, might reconcile a reasonable Englishman to a sojourn here, if he had not brought too much of the London fog in his heart, and if he could get over petty disgusts, and fastidious horrors of dirt and discomfort, greatly exaggerated by travellers.

To this place, then, came the solitary self-ex-patriated Englishman; and here, being a stranger in the land, he expected to live for a while in retirement absolutely unbroken but by the occasional visits of the relative who had lent him his house. Two men-servants, Galicians both, formed his whole establishment. The house was a modest, substantial building, not large, but more than spacious for a bachelor-hermit; moreover, it was a comfortable dwelling; for it had been *Anglicized*. Attached to it was a small garden, shut in by high walls, with casements pierced in the wall that fronted the sea; within, were broad arbors of vines trained along the walls on wood-work, resting on stone pillars. Except these vines, a few fig trees, some splendid geraniums, some bulbous sand-plants, which are weeds in Portugal, but choice exotics in the greenhouses of England, some rhododendrons, and fine roses, and other hardy plants, there was nothing of ornamental horticulture in this enclosure; for tender plants are not cultivated on this exposed part of the coast with success adequate to the trouble they require. As to the useful part of garden vegetation, there was a goodly supply, especially of potatoes, immense onions, (mild and gentle giants,) and cabbages. Of the latter, few being required, the many were left, through the winter, to grow and luxuriate at the expense of the soil, till they grew to a broad and stately height of ten feet, and then flowered so fairly in the early spring, that they were almost as pleasant to look upon from the windows as the orchards of Herefordshire from the green hills of Malvern. They were like a possé of British judges and barristers in full wigs; and Mr. Forsyth, when the season for their extirpation arrived, would by no means have desired the demolition of this cabbage-tree wood; but it was removed to make way for younger members of the same family. In the centre of the square, was a tall



flagstaff, on which occasionally waved the red-cross flag of England, in signal of a birthday or a fête.

From the two windows in the western wall of this garden, might be witnessed, every morning during the season, a scene exceedingly picturesque and very strange; for there was the bathing place. On a sandy flat, flanked by dark and rugged patches of rock, square tents are pitched; and thus a compact hamlet is formed of poles and canvass, with strait spaces of pathway, necessary for access to the tents, which are the dressing-rooms for the bathers. Persons of all stations come hither to bathe; while idlers, male and female, stand on the ledges of rocks and on the sands, and gaze at them as they go into these mysterious cabins, attired in their usual dresses, gay or sordid, and as they come out again—the women clad to the throat in coarse flub robes of blue frieze, the men in jackets and trousers of the same material. Assistants, both men and women, who look like cousin-germans to the Tritons, conduct the bathers into the sea, and hold them while there, ducking and sousing them in every big wave that comes threatening and storming over them like a platoon of soldiers firing with blank cartridge. The bathers stand as the wave approaches, then “duck the flash,” the wild water blusters over them; then they rise, and pant, and sob, clinging to their guides. It is not unfrequent to see stout young fellows thus led into the water by the bathing women, and hugging them with all the tenacity of girls afraid of being drowned. You have the blind, the lame, and the halt, the young and handsome of both sexes, the hale and the infirm, the old man, and more haggard old woman, and the whimpering cherub-child, all floundering in the waves together, like the crew and passengers of a wreck. Among these groups of ghastly old visages, and swart young faces, illuminated by black flashing eyes, may now and then be seen two or three fair daughters of the north, English or German. The sight of all these people thus grouped and huddled together in or on the margin of a basin of the sea, and so many of them aged and hideous, suggests the idea of a pool of Bethesda, where the young and the beautiful seem to have no business, but to come in mere wantonness and frolic, unless they are, as some of them might seem to be, the angels whose presence gives virtue to the water, akin to that angel who stirred the pool of the Five Porches at Jerusalem. An English person just landed on these shores, looks on the scene with wonder and distaste, and resolves that his wife or his daughters, who probably are also turning away from it as if they questioned the decorum of the exhibition, shall never be seen in such a situation. He and they get accustomed to it, however; and the next, or perhaps before the expiration of this very season, the fairest form that issues from the wave in a saturated blue frieze garment, is that of his own wife or daughter.

Among the grim-visaged male natives who are undergoing ablution, are several fierce-looking fellows, whose preposterous length of beard gives them the air of our London friends of the synagogue, the old-clothes-men of Monmouth street. Some of these are western islanders, brought from the Azores by Don Pedro; others are Portuguese, who have also fought and bled in the constitutional cause, or who have neither bled nor fought, but only wish to be considered heroes. These latter hairy Orsons, with menacing mustachios, and such

grimly longitude of beard, tongue-doughty giants, pseudo-Samsons, whose strength is in their hair, would seem

#### No worthy match

For valor to assail, nor by the sword,  
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Lo! yonder is one of these braggadocios, who is especially grandiloquent about his feats of arms; and when on that topic, he is a real Samson—he works such wonders with an ass's jaw. Look at his attitude of defiance to the sea, as he stands knee-deep in water, holding fast by his grim she-guide, waiting for a wave. It comes and breaks over him in froth, bubbles over a bubble; he wrings his beard, and looks round for applause.

Few Englishmen bathe here. They prefer another, and certainly a better bathing-place, at the huts, about half a mile away. In this they are right; but the English here, as all the world over, are too exclusively English in their tastes. They even have, at this little watering-place, a separate and most inconvenient promenade below the light-house, a rough, uneven causeway, approached by a rougher road, which might be smoothed at small cost. They get the sea air there; it is true; but the Upper Canterreira, where, especially on Sunday evenings, the natives, grave and gay, assemble by hundreds, is not only a more social, but a level public walk; whereas the English praia, as it is called, might seem to have been selected for them by their Portuguese shoemakers. But let us return to the Portuguese bathing scene. Carriages of various shapes, from the lumbering family coach to the trim little gaudy post-chaise, that looks to have been built “in the year one,” drawn by oxen or mules, and rarely by horses, gay and painted litters, sedan chairs, with mules instead of men for bearers, and all alive with jingling bells, convey the wealthier bathers, and are to be seen, soon after daylight, crowded together on the bank, with servants and muleteers, and numerous donkeys, that have also brought their morning votaries to Neptune. Sunday is the favorite day. The sands and the rocks are peopled with groups of all classes; and there is not a group among them which a northern painter would not seize with avidity as a subject for his art; so various and striking are the features, and attitudes, and costumes, and so different from anything that we are accustomed to in the north. Even the rags of a Portuguese beggar are picturesque, by their elaborate ostentation of wretchedness. This scene continues from dawn till about mid-day. From that time till two o'clock, that is, in the interval between the last mass and the usual dining hour of the richer class of visitors—this same place is a sort of fashionable lounge, where well dressed ladies sit in rows on wooden benches, and men stand round them, or cluster on the rocks above; and so they stare at each other for two mortal hours, saying little, but looking pins and needles at each other's hearts, from under parti-colored parasols, and brown or scarlet umbrellas. Many a subtle flirtation is carried on there, unsuspected by or connived at by the guardian elders, fathers, mothers, and aunts.

Do you see that small, dapper man, with his mud-colored complexion, and dark, sly, lurid eyes! He has just height enough to look over his tall friend's shoulder, and he has made that unconscious

friend his wig-block, (*his pao de cabelleira*;) that is, he is making love over his friend's shoulder to that lovely, demure coquette yonder, who now and then sends him a thrilling glance, which the tall block puts down to his own account, while the little traitor behind him is chuckling, with the double delight of quizzing his friend, and flirting with that friend's bride-elect. I have seen many a youth, beautiful as Antinous and graceful as Paris, whom I would rather trust with the lady of my love, or with the young flower under my care, than that same small, bad, coffee-complexioned man—a man of middle age, too; for he is a designing, and, strange to say, a successful libertine, a Lothario, for whom fans and white handkerchiefs are fluttered with emotion. But he has agreeable manners, and talents that might be better employed than in heartless experiments upon the morality of women. His name is Roderick Pinto.

It was at this bathing scene, so odd to a stranger, that Mr. Forsyth was gazing, with but languid curiosity, on a brilliant Sunday morning, a few days after his arrival, when one of the Galicians interrupted him by the announcement of visitors. He was surprised, as he knew nobody, but was well-pleased, on returning to the house, to find there some of the most agreeable of his English fellow-passengers, who happened also to be among the leading merchants of the place. So he soon found that he was not to be a hermit even at the Fox; for the hospitality of the best English residents, to respectable strangers, is most liberal when once the ice of formality is broken. Letters of introduction are usually requisite to produce this effect, but Mr. Forsyth's steamboat companions kindly supplied their place, the more cheerfully as one of his family was already of their society; upon which, however, he would not have chosen to be thrown by that advantage. "What sort of a man is your newly-arrived relation?" some would say to this gentleman; and he would answer:—"A reserved, reading character, in bad health and low spirits, who wishes only to be left alone." A question to the same point, put to his English fellow-voyagers, would produce a totally different answer. "What sort of a man is this Mr. Forsyth?" "A lively, voluble person, whose great delight seems in playing at romps with little children, and talking nonsense to their elders." Which of these was the correct answer? Both, yet neither. The fact was, that "this Mr. Forsyth" was Democritus abroad and Heraclitus at home, and, perhaps, equally a philosophical egotist in both characters. He laughed in public and he mourned in solitude. There was a profound melancholy in his spirit; but he hid it as a miser would a treasure, to be brooded over alone. He was both too proud and too courteous to trouble the world with his sorrows. Few saw beneath the surface of his smiles. The company of children had always been a pleasure to him; and now it was the only society in which he really was happy. His fondness for them was ascribed to his good nature; but it had, in truth, been strengthened by his experience of the cold unfeeling of his somewhat cherished adult world. The following touching passage, from Samuel Rogers, will help to explain my meaning:—"In our early youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But, when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow timid in our approaches, even to those we love best. How

delightful to us, then, are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure."

Next to the highest consolations of religion, there is nothing so likely to restore the tone of a mind that the experience of worldly hardness has made nervous and suspicious, as intercourse with children, not as their superior but as their friend. With all their little faults, (which will, probably, expand into great vices, if their growth be not so managed as to turn them into virtues,) children are the best specimens of human nature, in its weakness and its strength. The presence of the young and ingenuous, therefore, beguiles the jealous misanthrope; and may, by degrees, reopen the rigid heart that had resolved to exclude the milder feelings and the abused charities of life.

Mr. Forsyth, when his morning visitors left him, was surprised that he should have felt so little dissatisfaction at this early inroad on his scheme of self-seclusion. But they had chanced to bring with them a charm that was the very "Open Sesame" "to the best feelings in a proud man's bosom." They had brought with them, from the sands, at her own request, a child named Ellen Leslie, his favorite playmate during the passage. This girl, only about ten years old, was withdrawn from a school in England, by her parents, at the desire of an elder sister, who had undertaken to be her teacher. The child had no beauty but that of innocence and vivacity; but there was something very endearing in her artless and somewhat petted caressing manners, and her extreme eagerness to hear wonderful stories, of which Mr. Forsyth related some scores to her while on board, probably inventing most of them as they were called for. She had, therefore, "a passion" for Mr. Forsyth, and could hardly talk of any one else to her eldest sister, May Leslie, who was already somewhat jealous and prejudiced against a stranger who, as she chose to think, had surreptitiously and intrusively appropriated so much of the good will of her pet Ellen.

There was another reason for Mr. Forsyth's resigning himself without much reluctance, to the visits of his neighbors. During the four or five days that he had been at this place, he had found his solitude anything but tranquillity. The three first days, the 8th, the 9th, and the 10th of September, happening to be the anniversaries of the three successive attacks in 1832, on the gallantly defended convent of the Serra, he was kept awake, the greater part of the three nights, by the incessant explosion of fireworks. The Portuguese rejoice in noise, and are absolute children in their love of rockets. If he fell into a slumber, soon after daylight he was painfully awakened by dolorous sounds, shrill and terrible, that seemed the yells of Tartarus—these were the supplications of some sturdy beggar, who would rant on, without interruption, till the surly voice of one of the Galician servants stopped him with, "It cannot be, now!" the last word holding out a sort of promise, and encouragement to come again another day. The mendicant will go on for an hour, till he receives alms or this answer, when he retires. But another, and another, male or female, succeeds, and so they go on through the day, canting, whining, squalling, screaming at your door or within your porch, or on your staircase. It is of little use to close your outer door, for they make no ceremony of knocking till it be opened. The numbers who follow the profession by choice, and

the good and portly condition of many of them, are a proof of the charitable disposition of the Portuguese, and their want of judgment in their mode of provision for the poor; one of the hardest problems, however, in the political economy of most countries, and no easy one in our own. We are told that, before the suppression of monasteries in Portugal, beggars were not so importunate at private dwellings. I doubt this. They were fed at the convent gates, it is true, but they did not, so far as I recollect, the less pursue their avocation; and as to the disgusting objects in the streets, who were suffered to expose their infirmities, by way of enforcement of the Christian duty of alms-giving on the passers-by, they were certainly more numerous then than now, though they are not yet few. Everybody knows that many of these mendicants, to make themselves more striking objects of compassion, establish and cherish loathsome sores and tumors, which they exhibit with revolting grossness. Others, some blind, some pretending blindness, are led about the streets, singing canticles with obstreperous energy, far surpassing that of our own "shipwrecked sailors" who were never at sea, and who are the sturdiest and noisiest of our street and highway prowlers. Others, whose legs or arms have been twisted, in their infancy, into the most pitiable contortions, for the express purpose of making them profitable curiosities of misery, are placed on donkeys, and so ride, begging, through the villages and towns—some are put into open boxes in the streets—some left to crouch or stretch upon the pavement. Watch one of these on a market-day, when the country people are crowding into the city—that good-humored, grinning idiot-boy, for instance, who sits howling from morning till night, near the British consul's door, and calling out, "I say!" to every Englishman that passes. Hardly a peasant, man or woman, goes by without giving him some trifle, and not one without giving him a good word. In that same spot he has almost grown up, being brought to it early every morning and not removed till evening; and there he will, probably, maintain his privileged position for years to come.

Musical varieties, besides the incantations of the beggars, were supplied through the course of the day, by the cries of fish-women, of girls who vend charcoal, of others who carry about uncured pork, others with nunnery sweetmeats; some with linen, some with wood-soled slippers, some with fowls and turkeys, eggs or butter; some with quails and red-legged partridges—of men with tallow candles in square deal boxes; brandy or vinegar in barrels; oil in tin canisters; all these shouting, successively, within the threshold, or thumping at the door, and none withdrawing without an answer.

Mr. Forsyth perceived that he had made a mistake in his choice of a hermitage. He submitted to his fate, and his patience was soon rewarded; these annoyances, so provoking at first, soon ceased to trouble him, for habit made him almost unconscious of them before he had resided a month at the Foz. By degrees, he became acquainted with almost all his countrymen and women in the place, and there were so many among them who possessed good qualities that he soon forgot that he was to be an anchorite. He went wherever he was invited; and the climate favored him, for the parties which he most enjoyed were in the open air—boat-parties, and rides and picnics; rambles in a pine-wood, and a dinner on the rocks, or on a

vine-shaded terrace overlooking the river or the sea; and generally followed by music, song or dance, or all combined; and then a merry row, or sail, or gallop home. Home! there he was alone, and his spirits sank again under the consciousness that he was, in fact, an alien in the land—that he had no home here—that there was not one of all those lively persons, by whom he had been amused, who really took the smallest interest in him beyond the occasions on which he might contribute his share to the hilarity of a social hour. Then he would, for a while, be self-involved and unapproachable.

Rousing himself from one of these lonely moods, he chose to go over the bar to fish; for which purpose he hired the proper sort of boat, with the men and tackle necessary for the pastime; and over the bar he went, on a most beautifully placid morning. Many of the large fishing-boats were out, and also two or three pleasure-boats, allured to sea by the smoothness of the water. To these Mr. Forsyth, occupied with his sport, in which he had but indifferent success, paid no heed. There are often, at this time of the year, heavy fogs upon this coast, as well as along the river; it is seldom, however, that they come on with so little warning as to take the boatman unprepared. But it now happened that Mr. Forsyth suddenly found himself enveloped in such a dense vapor that he could see nothing whatever beyond his own boat. The water was very tranquil, and he could hear, from the fishermen's boats, without distinguishing the words, voices which, invisible as the speakers were, had a sort of preternatural effect, as if mysterious spirits of sea and air were conversing together. Among those voices, however, were some of more familiar tone, for they were English, and very near to him—so near that he was startled to hear his own name mentioned in no flattering terms. "Listeners," says the proverb, "never hear any good of themselves." None but mean persons can be habitual and deliberate eaves-droppers; and such are not likely to be talked of in terms of much respect; for though their eavesdropping propensities may escape detection, their characteristic meanness cannot. So far the proverb not only is, but, perhaps, ought to be true. But in the sense in which it is generally understood, it is a still greater satire on those who are listened to than on those who covertly listen; for it is founded on a broad assumption of the general malignity of human nature, and the universal propensity to scandal: so that the chance-hearer, however good and amiable he may be, is, according to the proverb, no better off than the deliberate eavesdropper. Yet proverbs are almost always true, and Mr. Forsyth, though an innocent listener, proved no exception to the rule. "Who was the person so intent upon his fishing; in the boat that was near us just now before this horrid fog came on? He seemed to be an Englishman." It was a female voice that asked the question. Mr. Forsyth thought it a pleasing voice. An Irish gentleman, whom he recognized by his accent, replied:—"It is Mr. Forsyth, who has lately arrived here." "Oh!" rejoined the lady, "it is that Mr. Forsyth whom I have heard of, is it? Some people say that he is very disagreeable: I am sure he looks so; thanks to the fog for dropping the curtain between us and him!" Mr. Forsyth thought he had never heard a more unmusical voice in his life. A laugh, in which more than one person appeared to join, succeeded her flippant observation. The sun, who had been struggling for mastery, now began to be



fell through the attenuated vapor to which he gave a half-transparent glory; a sudden gust of air lifted the veil of fog, and discovered to Mr. Forsyth what might, thus fancifully revealed, have seemed, to any one but him, as fair a vision as ever Grecian genius evoked from the wave. Close beside him was the boat in which were the persons whose short dialogue he had so unluckily overheard, and the ungentle critic who had expressed so unfavorable an opinion of his looks was no other than Miss Leslie—May Leslie—the sister of his little friend Ellen, and the Belle among the English Portonians. This young lady had, only a few months before, been emancipated from a London “finishing school;” a Vanity-Fair, from which she came home a finished coquette. May Leslie was about nineteen; in person tall, round, and well formed. Her complexion was neither fair nor florid, but of a pale settled brown; her hair was dark, her eyes gray, but large and expressive; her face oval, her features fine and regular; but there was something in her carriage, in her glance, and in a certain play and curve of her rich, full lips, that sometimes gave a singular air of audacity and scornfulness to her expression. It was a face and person to which it was impossible to deny the praise of beauty; but there was too often a want of softness, a look of defiance, that the splenetic observer would at once remark with prejudice, while the better-natured would pronounce on it as an evidence only of the high spirit and vivacity of youth and health. When she first came out, being new, her beauty had been exaggerated; but her really handsome and striking appearance had as yet lost none of its supremacy; she was still the Belle, received admiration as if it were her birthright, and treated her admirers with a strange mixture of affability and disdain.

The party seemed a little confused by their unexpected proximity to the man with whose name they had just been making so free. One of them had the presence of mind to greet him as if nothing had occurred, and even to present him to Miss Leslie, the only one of the group with whom he was not acquainted. She reddened at having been overheard in an ungracious personality; but the circumstance seemed rather to excite her resentment than to confuse her; and, while she slightly bowed to him, there was a curl of the lip which implied that even that formal compliment was conceded reluctantly. We are apt to vindicate a first injustice by a second. Mr. Forsyth looked at her with a sternness that did little credit to his philosophy. He was mortified and morose, and she was proud and petulant. He exchanged some civilities with her companions, and declining her invitation to dine with them on the rocks near the huts, he returned home dissatisfied; yet, perhaps, not altogether so; he had experienced a sensation, no pleasant one, it is true; but his jaded spirit wanted bracing, and even a new hatred is a tonic.

At this time of the year, there were so many parties and picnics among the English and their families, that Mr. Forsyth had frequent opportunities of meeting the young lady who had so gratuitously honored him with her dislike at first sight; or, rather, before she saw him. Her antipathy, so far from being abated, seemed to increase at every encounter, and she took no pains to conceal it; so that her mother, a lady much respected in the place, remonstrated with her on her ineivility, but without effect. Mr. Forsyth certainly took no pains to conciliate her favor, for he indulged a malicious pleasure in paying her in her own coin, though with a politeness that only made the matter worse; and

their dislike quickly took a turn of active animosity, not unamusing to some shrewd observers. On the whole, the Belle had the best of the battle, and might have finally conquered, had she not, too obviously, betrayed her delight whenever the man was piqued. But she did not always escape untouched; for Mr. Forsyth, though, in some respects, a far less able tactician, in such small warfare, than his opponent, sometimes retaliated with a quiet effect that was the more provoking for the composure of his manner. He was more skilful in hiding his satisfaction when his arrow of wit whizzed so near her as to flutter the lady's serenity, than he was at concealing his annoyance when her shaft struck home and stung him. Mr. Forsyth had, perhaps, some excuse for his malice. He was, in the first instance, not the aggressor, but the aggrieved, and Miss Leslie had wounded him even more keenly than she suspected or intended; she had estranged her little sister, Ellen, from him completely. Her displeasure at the child's fondness for a stranger had been frequently expressed with more asperity than enough, and Ellen no longer dared to go near Mr. Forsyth; and when she met him she was awkward and abashed, and retreated or kept aloof. This was intolerable; it was an outrage on the very best and most sensitive part of his nature.

About a league above the city, on the left bank of the Douro, is the finely situated convent of Oliveira, now a quinta, or villa, which was yet, by permission, as it was before the jolly monks were ejected, a favorite place for summer parties from Oporto. At a dance here, the gentleman who gave the party, and who had often noticed, and, probably, like others, been diverted by the mutual aversion of the Belle and the Hermit, requested that the latter would allow him to provide him with a partner to complete one of the quadrille sets. Mr. Forsyth endeavored to excuse himself, on the plea of having long given up dancing; but he was overruled by the friendly importunity of his host, and consented. To his surprise, he was led up to Miss Leslie, and named to her as requesting the honor of being her partner. He would have made the best of what he suspected of being a bad joke, if it was not a mistaken manœuvre at peacemaking; but the young lady looked at him with suppressed complacency, and desired to be excused, as it was not her intention to stand up for that dance. Mr. Forsyth bowed and turned away; and, in two minutes afterwards, he observed that she had stood up in that very quadrille, with Mr. Roderick Pinto, the Portuguese Lothario, already mentioned, who, having witnessed the lady's refusal of her countryman, hastened to seize so fair an opportunity of trying the superiority of his own attractions. The damsel accepted him without hesitation, and was led to the dance by the exulting native of the land. This was more than Mr. Forsyth chose to bear: he could not remonstrate with the lady, but he could check the elation of the gentleman. He walked up to him, and quietly requested him to give place, saying, just loud enough to be heard by the lady, that Miss Leslie was his partner. Senhor Pinto appealed to herself, but she was much too astonished to assist him; she stared haughtily and said nothing. Senhor Pinto, who was well inclined to keep his ground, then cast a scowling look at Mr. Forsyth; but he saw something in the steady look which met his that warned him to be prudent: he was not without courage; on the contrary, he had rather too much than too little; but he felt it would be folly to persist in the wrong about so trifling an

affair; he shrugged up his shoulders, muttered something about a supposed mistake, and gave way. Mr. Forsyth and Miss Leslie danced together! When the quadrille was finished, he led her to a seat, and then placed himself by the side of her mother, who had observed the whole thing, and was much amused. She was a stately lady, of somewhat cold manners; but she received him with a gracious air, compressing her risible muscles with difficulty, and making no allusion to what had occurred. The daughter sat in mute and thoughtful vexation. She had committed a capital error, and her enemy had taken advantage of her false position. He had made her ridiculous; and she hated him more than ever; so at least she thought. Senhor Pinto, too, whom she did not much admire before, had rendered himself odious to her by the facility with which he had resigned her. She was roused from meditation by the approach of a gentleman, singularly prepossessing in figure and address. He was a Castilian, Don José Alvarez, who had come to Oporto after the discomfiture of Don Carlos, in whose suite he was said to have arrived in Portugal, which was no recommendation to the new authorities; but he was protected by the friendship of Mr. Leslie, whose political bias was known to be strongly in favor of "the Constitution," but who had generosity enough to respect the distress of a Carlist Spaniard. Miss Leslie resumed her dancing at the request of Don José Alvarez, and, for the rest of the day, she was more than usually animated, appearing to be particularly pleased by the attentions of her father's Spanish friend. Senhor Pinto was also intimately acquainted with the Spaniard, whom he now watched, and occasionally rallied on the young lady's supposed partiality; but there was a bitterness in his railery that betokened less gayety than chagrin; and the gloomy glances that he cast on Don Alvarez and Mr. Forsyth showed that there was a hostile feeling, to them both, ranking in his breast. Mr. Forsyth did not perceive these dark looks, and Don Alvarez was either too pleasantly occupied to observe them, or too happy to trouble himself about them if he did. The Spaniard was enamored of Miss Leslie; the Portuguese, a presumptuous egotist, coveted her smiles as so many rays to be added to the false lustre of his vain-glory. The Englishman, a man of strong feelings stubbornly guarded, admired her as a wily engineer does a comely, hostile fortress which is likely to break his head, and which he is resolved to humble, by mine and battery, if he can; or, as a boy admires his aunt's tortoise-shell cat, that he delights to tease, but not without first putting on his gloves.

Miss Leslie had many others admirers; indeed, all the party-going men of the place, native or foreign, might be said to be admirers of her beauty, though there were several who were anything but flattered by her manners. Among the most assiduous of those who seemed to have enlisted themselves under the banners of the proud Belle, was a little active gentleman, whose name was Stubbs. He was a reputable merchant, long established at Oporto, but who combined with the readiest capacity for mercantile affairs some tastes which are supposed to be uncongenial with the labors of the counting-house. He had been lately at New York, where, at the age of forty-four, he had married a very pretty young lady, whom, however, as he found her rather forward, and as she had objected to accompany him at once to Portugal, where his business required his presence, he had left to pass

her time among their mutual relations in her native state. Mr. Stubbs was an abstract philosopher, who, having thus submitted to a peaceable separation from his bride before the honeymoon was over, absolutely forgot that he was married, and fell into his old-bachelor habits of general and strenuous flirtation. He was clever, paradoxical, argumentative with men but not with ladies, amorous, and droll as a tumbler-pigeon, sensitive but forgiving, most well-natured, kind-hearted, and generous. He was, consequently, in spite of his oratory and logic, a great favorite with almost every one. Some few dry souls, envious of his acquirements perhaps, voted him a bore; and one serious charge they brought against him, which he took no pains to refute, but confirmed by perpetual repetitions of the offence alleged—he was a poet! The merchants were startled when they first made the discovery, for poetry and finance seem natural enemies; but their good humor and good sense soon prevailed pretty generally in his favor. He was rational on matters of business, and they forgave his thirst for the waters of Helicon the more easily as he was the poet of the ladies, who were entertained by his amatory effusions and unmerciful fickleness; for he not only forgot his wife, but he had already, since his return from America, made vows of unalterable devotion, which he called Platonic, to almost every English lady, under fifty, of his acquaintance. His simplicity on this point was marvellous; his innocent effrontery matchless: they humored him, and praised his verses, and he was a happy man. His small quaint person was poetically attired, for he was a mortally bad dresser. He tied his white neckcloth in a very large, clumsy bow, and powdered it plentifully with snuff. He wore an old broad-brimmed Pennsylvanian hat, under which long lappets of straight hair flapped over his ears. His clothes, of ill-assorted colors, hung about him as if they had been made by a scrupulous tailor, who scorned to take advantage of a dwarf, and gave him liberal measure of cloth for a full-grown man. Mr. Stubbs was the only English gentleman whose attentions the admired Miss Leslie encouraged; except the handsome Spaniard, he was the only man in the place to whom she was always gracious, never rude. With Don Alvarez, her eyes were more eloquent than her tongue; with Mr. Stubbs, both her eyes and her tongue were eloquent, but the "looks and tones" seemed to be at variance in their meaning: the words were honey-dew; but "there was a laughing devil in her eye," which Mr. Stubbs delighted in, for he mistook it for the reflection of his own image; and so in one sense it was; but he did not rightly read the riddle. He was sure she was in love with him; but she had many rivals; he therefore pitied her, and he was magnanimous enough, too, to pity Don Alvarez, to whom she spoke so little. Poor Don Alvarez!

Mr. Forsyth had one morning crossed the Douro, that he might enjoy the fragrance of the pine-woods, after a heavy shower, succeeded by a powerful sun. He lounged among them for an hour or two; and on his return towards his boat, he perceived a party, who were established among the huge gray stones of the Cabedello, where they were about to dine, shaded from the now western sun by one tall stone. The boatmen had brought planks, and laid them across two of the detached pieces of rock, to serve for a table and seats. The group was picturesque and inviting; and Mr. Forsyth was hailed the moment his approach was noticed, and did not

refuse the invitation. His friends were there; but there also was his enemy, May Leslie, and seated next to her was Roderick Pinto, the Lusian Lovelace, like the toad at the ear of Eve. She seemed to be in better humor with Pinto than on the former occasion; he talked much to her, and in a low tone, and she appeared to be keenly attentive to his observations. This might be one of her caprices, or one of her mystifications. She did not bow to Mr. Forsyth. She had come to the resolution of cutting him altogether. The wily Pinto observed this with delight, and made a low reverence, "too civil by half," to the Englishman; while his dark expressive eyes seemed to say, "You see I am in my right place now," in allusion to "the notice to quit" her, which Mr. Forsyth had so ceremoniously given him at Oliveira. Mr. Forsyth, as he acknowledged the salute, was for a moment struck with the singular expression of gratified malice on Pinto's countenance. He was not aware, or had forgotten, how sorely he had galled the Portuguese Lovelace. Jest, gossip, feasting, flirting and laughing went on amid the rest of the company; while Pinto's assiduousness to Miss Leslie were conducted quietly: it was bye-play; he was too cunning to challenge the notice of those about him, before he was sure of his triumph; and though Miss Leslie listened to him attentively, there was something in her manner which did not altogether satisfy him. When he bantered her on the disappointment she must feel on the absence of her friend Don Alvarez, who had been expected, she pursued up her doubts into one of their *disdains*. He was puzzled, doubtful whether it were meant as a rebuke to his impertinence, or as a disclaimer of partiality to the Castilian. When he ridiculed Mr. Forsyth, which he did with a keen felicity of caricature that should have provoked her laughter, especially as she so evidently disliked the original, she cast down her eyes and looked serious, but without interrupting him by a word.

Our friends, the Portuguese of Oporto, by the way, are exceedingly clever in the art of quizzing, and very fond, with all their politeness, of exercising that talent on or at the English; but few of them are, like Mr. Pinto, thoroughly ill-natured, and those few are red-hot politicians of the French school, "the *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed," young men to whom the horrors consequent on the French invasion are but as the dreams of their fathers, though their country has never been tranquil or prosperous since. The Portuguese resisted the invaders nobly; yet they could not have expelled them but by the aid of the English: the obligation is forgotten, or its motive misrepresented, and set down to English selfishness; the Portuguese have secured their liberty, such as it is; their little long slip of earth is an independent monarchy; and they abuse the English, and praise the French! The seeds of French republican principles were sown during the struggle, by the armies of Napoleon, and the French were so far conquerors after all. The fruits are bitterness.

Senhor Pinto, not assured of the effect of his sarcasms on Mr. Forsyth, changed the subject to one still more promising; but when he made Miss Leslie's beauty, and its power over himself, the theme of his well-turned phrases—for he had been educated at Stonyhurst, and spoke English perfectly—she looked at him with proud self-complacency, as if those compliments were only her due. But he occasionally turned to glance at Mr. Forsyth, whom he hoped he was mortifying; and he invariably

found, when his attention reverted to Miss Leslie, that her large gray eyes were examining his own skull with a curious expression of earnestness and dismay, as if she were observing its shape to find some mysterious bumps or organs of iniquity. He did not like to be observed in that fashion. He now altered his tactics, and instead of talking sarcasm and gallantry, he spoke to her of England, and of the happy days that he had passed there in his boyhood, of the brave energy and candor of the English character, and of the lofty standard of manners and morals among the English ladies. Miss Leslie, whose prepossessions in favor of her own people, as a people, were strong, heard him with pleasure, though she every now and then cast a glance at his head, as if to discover whether some bump there did not impeach the sincerity of his tongue. At the moment when he began to assure himself that he had enacted the amiable with success, Don Alvarez appeared, and, after the usual greetings, contrived to wedge himself just opposite to Miss Leslie. From the instant of his arrival, Senhor Pinto was eclipsed. The young lady welcomed the Spaniard with a mantling blush and a sweet smile, and the glosing speech and ominous head of the Portuguese no longer drew her notice. She spoke but little to Don Alvarez; perhaps restrained by the presence, in his person, of a commanding interest; perhaps because she was as yet far from fluent in the Portuguese, still less so in the Spanish language, and Don Alvarez did not understand English. They might have conversed together in French, but she had all the recent school-girl's reluctance to express herself in a foreign tongue, for fear of "the dread laugh" of any of the little world about her who might detect her blunders. Besides, Monsieur D'Erlon, the French consul, was there, and she might not like to trust her French in the hearing of a Frenchman, though he was a most frank and well-bred gentleman. So, as is usual in such cases, the man and maiden discoursed with their eyes, and May Leslie's were radiant with intelligence, and the Spaniard's seemed to reflect their intelligence and beauty. All this was gall and wormwood to Pinto. Mr. Forsyth, as he watched her for some minutes at a distance, felt that even he might have been fascinated if she had ever looked on him as she now looked on the enviable Castilian. She chanced to turn her face towards Mr. Forsyth, and their eyes met. With the instinctive quickness of woman where the effect of her charms is concerned, she read him rightly; she caught her enemy in the fact of admiring her in spite of himself; she was softened for a moment, and as she withdrew her eyes, she felt some little compunction. Under the kindly impulse, Miss Leslie was half-disposed to be amiable, and to make him some atonement if possible, and looked again that she might try to judge whether his offended pride were likely to be placable: but Mr. Forsyth was no longer at the table; he had escaped her enchantment. Strange inconsistency of a female tyrant in her teens! She was more vexed by Mr. Forsyth's disappearance at this instant, than pleased by the presence of the Spaniard.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when all were startled by screams from two or three children of the party, who had been amusing themselves on the rocks. Ellen Leslie, the sister of our heroine, had perched herself on the smooth pinnacle of the highest rock, and as she was balancing herself there with the mock hardihood of a girl half-frightened, she became giddy, and fell on the side where the



stone was precipitous. The accident might have been serious to her, had not Mr. Forsyth, in stealing away to his boat, which was close at hand, observed her unsteady tenure of her high place, and had he not, when she fell as he expected, caught the child in his arms. She was not injured, but Mr. Forsyth's right arm was severely wrenched. Miss Leslie, in the anxiety about her sister, hardly understood how she had escaped; and, before her confusion, and that of the rest of the party had enabled the children to explain the matter, Mr. Forsyth, accompanied by one or two gentlemen, was half across the river on his way to the Foz. All the company got into their boats and dispersed. Miss Leslie was silent and pensive all the way home: Mr. Forsyth had probably saved her sister from some fatal hurt; he had done so just at the time when her own better feelings were prompting her to conduct herself less offensively towards him, a stranger against whom she had adopted a groundless prejudice; how immediately had her returning charity been rewarded! But was it charity? and had she deserved reward! Had she not rather been softened by a feeling of indulged self-love, when she perceived that her beauty had extorted his homage in spite of his pride and her insolence? Miss Leslie sighed as her conscience answered these questions reproachfully. It was, perhaps, the first time in her life that she had investigated her own motives, and she was far from satisfied by the result of her self-examination. But Mr. Forsyth was gone: he had rendered an important service to her family, and she had not even thanked him. What an ungrateful, perverse creature must he think her! And was she not so? She hardly dared to answer herself. We are never in so fair a way of deserving and winning the respect of others, as when we become severe censors of ourselves. Let us, therefore, hope for Miss Leslie. But she is young, lovely, high-spirited, and volatile. How shall such vernal meditation ripen into fruit, when the first gust of vanity may shake the blossom from the tree?

The next day, the Leslies heard that Mr. Forsyth's shoulder had been dislocated by the shock of their child's weight, though he had retired without mentioning that he was hurt. The informant was their friend and physician, Dr. J——, a gentleman formerly an army surgeon, but for many years past the favorite practitioner here; a most modest, generous, unpretending man, highly skilful and successful in his practice, the disinterested friend of the poor, the healer of wounds in more senses than one, and a bond of harmony to the society of the place. This is a digression, but in honor of a good man, who would have blushed at praise, which it was the daily occupation of his days and nights to merit. His life of beneficent toil is closed. He is at rest in the English burial-ground at Oporto, and his epitaph is graven deepest in the hearts of those who knew him best.

Under his able and gentle tendance, Mr. Forsyth was likely to suffer as little as the case could permit; but as Dr. J—— had not been called in for several hours after the accident, the bone was not restored to its socket without difficulty, and a good deal of fever ensued. There were none whom this report disquieted more than Miss Leslie, and she testified her regret with a simple and dignified ingenuousness. For once she was no coquette. If it be true that despised love often turns to fury, it is equally so that dislike, when once its injustice is owned, not unfrequently resolves itself into the

opposite feeling. She could at first hardly repress some emotion of impatience whenever little Ellen, the cause of the disaster, came into her presence. But the poor child was as much grieved as herself, and earnestly requested leave to go and see Mr. Forsyth. This could not be granted at present, but Ellen took every opportunity of making inquiries about her friend—"my friend" she ever afterwards called him. Whenever any pleasant flowers, especially the lovely Japan roses, were brought from their city-garden, she always selected the fairest, and sent them to Mr. Forsyth, till May Leslie forbade her to do so, on some sudden fancy, or fear, perhaps, that the gentleman might flatter himself that they were sent by her, or at her suggestion.

Mr. Forsyth recovered slowly, and the Foz season was over before he was released from his rooms. The Oporto families were, one by one, returning to the city; their furniture and heavy packages were to be seen on creaking cars along the road, while the water-girls, the *aguadeiras* of the Foz, who so lightly poised their graceful red pitchers on their heads, as they used to file to and fro with stately step, clattering their wooden slippers while they bore the weight of waters from the fountains, like the captive princesses and ladies of the ante-Homeric age, or like the daughters of the patriarchs, were now carrying, on their heads, loads of household lumber, with an erectness of gait, and facility of movement, worthy of admiration. Presently, there was not a single Oporto family, Portuguese or English, in the place; and somewhat later, not even a family from the wine-country; whose people, not coming to the sea-coast till after the vintage, are among the latest lingerers at the Foz, and the neighboring villages of Leça and Matosinhos. Almost all the human life of the Foz was departed. Not even a chestnut girl to be seen seated on a stone at a street corner, fanning her fire in its clay vase, perforated with round holes, and fixed on a wooden tripod, while her fruit was delightfully cracking as it approached that perfection of roast which none but these out-of-door peninsular girls can give to the chestnut.

The surly Brazilians, and their humble blacks, so numerous here till lately, were all gone. Gone, too, was Mr. Forsyth's nearest neighbor, the sturdy Canon of Braga, who headed the monks of the Minho against Don Pedro and his "Malhados from the islands," for the glory of the Lord and the altar, and of that angel on earth, Don Miguel; and gone was the Padre's portly brother, the huge old Conigo, with his old mountain cousin, Donna Deodata, and her massy daughter, as round as a melon.

The delightful weather of the first weeks of November, called the summer of St. Martin, whose anniversary is on the 11th of that month, was succeeded as usual by squally and heavy rains. The Bar, that had lately slumbered, awoke with a roar of foaming rage, its white mane fluttered high in air, while the south wind rushed down the river to meet and battle with the steady, resolute swell of the tide. The rocks along the coast, those fine dark rocks, wore their pleasant wreath of sea-bubbles, that glittered in white contrast for a moment, and were shivered into gauze-like vapor, and then fell and glided down the sands in rivulets, to be again rallied by the next reinforcement of billows, and again to bubble and break against the crags. The coast, as far as the eye could trace it, was fringed with spray, a broad fringe, and the bar of

the Douro was walled with foam. Sky and sea, strand and street, looked desolate. Mr. Forsyth was now as much alone as he could ever have wished to be; he heard few voices but those of wind and wave; and they, indeed, were over-boisterous. He stood it well, however, for he revered the majestic music of the seas. His health daily improved, and his books were his never-failing friends during the wet season, which was soon followed by a climate such as we northerners know not in winter. Then in dry weather, yet keen and fresh, and generally clearest when cold, he could recruit his strength by scrambles among the rocks, or a stroll with dog and gun in search of snipe or quail. By degrees, sea, earth, and sky were resuming their cheerfulness and splendor; not so steadily as quite to forget their brumal character—they were yet peevish or sullen sometimes. The hermit of St. John's had managed to survive the winter with fewer than half-a-dozen visits to the city. One of them was on the occasion of the landing from Lisbon of Don Pedro's heart, his bequest to "the faithful city." No vulgar pageant was that solemn procession of its bearers and followers, priests, soldiers, seamen, and civilians, to the Lappa church, and its deposition in that building, which was darkened with black velvet, and other gorgeous gloomery, and lighted with blazing torches. The heart, in a silver vase, was laid at the foot of the great altar on a table covered with cloth of gold; a soldier, one of the old Moustaches of the siege, stood guard on each side. Nothing could be more imposing than the spectacle of the installation of the heart of the romantic emperor who fought against tyranny.

If Mr. Forsyth went seldom to the city, the city came seldom to him. Only three or four persons called on him during the whole winter. He who lives in Siberia, by choice, must not expect visits from St. Petersburg. They sent him invitations to their gayeties; all were declined; they took the hint, and left him to himself.

What became then of the Leslies and all his friends! In the mornings, the men walked and talked in the Rua Nova dos Ingleses, their Exchange, and worked away in their counting-houses, or visited their wine-lodges at Villa Nova, or their stores and customers, wherever their several lines of business might call them: they lounged an idle hour or two in the newspaper or billiard rooms. Their evenings were passed in the amusements arising out of a constant interchange of dinner-parties, followed by their eternal cards, whist and boston being the order of the night. The frequent dinner-fêtes at the Factory House were the sumptuous entertainments. And the ladies, what did they! In the mornings, they passed their time as ladies usually do in commercial towns, where men are so little at their service from nine till four or five o'clock. They, old and young, superintended their domestic affairs, worked at single-stitch and double-stitch and embroidery, taught and scolded the young fry, read a little and musicked a little, puzzled the Ologies, and exorcising Rossini; and in the afternoons, went out to gossip with their neighbors, or to visit their poor, or to take a walk for exercise, the most tiresome effort of reason. The Portuguese ladies, though fond of dancing, seldom walk out, except for their souls' health to mass, or to pay a visit to some very near neighbor; for the body's health, they rarely submit to the exertion, or are not permitted to do so by custom. The neatness of their small pretty feet may thus be

preserved, but the beauty of their faces is too often withered in youth. The English ladies, in the same climate, preserve their beauty longer, though they may somewhat enlarge their feet by freely using them for the purpose for which feet were given them, to walk with. Their evenings were pretty often enlivened by dances at home, or among their neighbors; for earté, whist, and boston were not so inveterately the sedentary diseases of the male of the land but that several young men, and a few of the elders, might be collected for partners at piano or fiddle call. Then there were balls at the Portuguese club-room, the assemblée, and, now and then, on a more ambitious scale, and admirably arranged by the managers, a ball given by the British Association at the Factory House to all the principal Portuguese, and to most of the English non-members who chose to accept the invitations; for there were ins and outs at Oporto, two long contending factions of yore; but the rumors of their wars have almost died away. So, in fine, the winter passed off, with the men and ladies at Oporto, much in the same manner as winters pass elsewhere among mercantile gentry; and for the English at Oporto it must be said, *cum grano salis*, and notwithstanding some idle prejudices among them, that their society was not to be surpassed for social spirit and good fellowship by any other of the kind.

But where was my heroine all this while! She passed her day as most of those of her age and sex did, in "strenuous idleness" for the most part, though Ellen's lessons gave her some worthy occupation; and wherever the gayety and grace of the young were active in the evening dance, or passive at the insipid tea-drink, there was May Leslie; and around or near her were Don Alvarez, the handsome Spaniard, and Senhor Roderick Pinto, the Lusian Lovelace, and Mr. Stubbs, her post-laureate, who called her his Young May-moon, and Don Alvarez's May-thorn. Then there was the lively Mr. Spence, who was much given to punning; and there was the smiling lady-killing Mr. Fanshawe, whom she named "Attitude;" and there was the grinning cynic Mr. Harbottle, whom she never named at all; and many other young men and youths, by whom she was more or less admired. And Mr. Forsyth! Did she never speak of him! Often, for a month or two after his accident; but never after he had recovered and still preserved his solitude at the Foz. Absence, perhaps, weakened the interest she felt about him after his misadventure; perhaps she forgot that she had ever felt the slightest concern, bad or good, respecting him.

Senhor Pinto, however, had not forgotten Mr. Forsyth, nor the little misunderstanding between them, about Miss Leslie's choice of a partner at the Oliveira convent. That was the greatest affront he had ever received in his life. Pinto was not a man to forget or forgive an affront, however plausibly he might conceal his resentment till he could make it felt. But during the absence of Mr. Forsyth, no opportunity could occur, and his evil passions were diverted into another channel. A mutual jealousy and detestation had, in the course of the winter, sprung up between him and his quondam friend, the Spaniard, and Miss Leslie was again the cause. Both were assiduous in attentions to her; and it had been latterly her inexplicable humor to encourage them both, with such an even measure of favor, that it was difficult to decide which of them she preferred. The handsome Spaniard, therefore,

it would seem, had not gained ground during the winter; had the subtle Portuguese then greatly made up his lee-way? The latter would still occasionally detect Miss Leslie in examining his features, or surveying his head, with a sort of serious curiosity that disconcerted him. On one occasion, as he was leading her into a refreshment room after dancing, he stopped to speak to her mother, who happened to be seated under a pier-glass. He soon observed that Miss Leslie, without withdrawing her arm, had fallen back a little, and suspecting that she was intent on her favorite consideration of his skull, he ascertained the fact by a sly quick glance at the mirror. He turned briskly round, and said to her, peevishly, "Miss Leslie, shall I send you a cast of my head? You seem to think it a good phrenological study."

She coolly replied, "I am much obliged to you, Senhor Pinto, for the offer: it is a present that would much gratify me, though I could not have had courage to beg such a favor."

"A head for a heart then," said the Portuguese, with a constrained air of gallantry.

"You would make a bad bargain," said the young lady; "my heart would be no equivalent for such a precious head. Excuse me, Senhor Pinto, as you make conditions, I will generously decline the cast."

Pinto tried to look deprecating and tender, but he only looked malignant in spite of his power of face: there was something in her manner that worried him exceedingly.

"What is the matter, sir?" said Miss Leslie; "you seem disturbed."

"Look at Don José Alvarez," said Pinto, to give a turn to the conversation.

"What of him?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"He is watching us: his eyes follow you everywhere," said Pinto.

"He has very fine eyes," answered the lady.

"Very," observed Pinto, drily; "and a very fine head."

"That is true," rejoined Miss Leslie; "a very model for a sculptor."

"I could eat that fellow's heart," muttered Pinto, too audibly.

"Indeed!" said Miss Leslie, gravely, and with a broad stare; "I did not know you were such an epicure. I will sit down if you please," and she took a seat near her mother.

Pinto retired to another part of the room, hating his friend the Spaniard more than ever; while the Spaniard thought himself supplanted. But the latter was of a ductile temper. A smile and a kind word restored his equanimity: he was again at her side; while Pinto, surly in a corner, chewed the cud of bitter fancy.

On this night, which was dark and tempestuous, an important loss occurred to Mr. Stubbs, which enables me to introduce a specimen of his poetry in the pathetic department. The wind uncivilly flew away with his broad-brimmed hat, while he was going home; and as he chose, in spite of robbers and rumors of robbers, to be unaccompanied by a Galician with a torch or lamp, he did not recover it. The next day he produced the following

#### LAMENT.

I had a hat, a peerless thing,  
The pride of beaver samples,  
For, always true to church and king,  
It guarded crown and temples.

When first I placed it on my brow,  
The ladies, pretty dears,  
Admired its gloss, and said as how  
I shone above my (y)ears,

Of late 't was brown, and worse for wear,  
But so was I, its master:  
Both it and I had lost our hair,  
And yet I loved my castor.

My brain and it each other knew,  
It witnessed all my frolics;  
But oh, 't was not a castor true.  
As Castor was to Pollux!

Oh hat of mine, how could you go,  
You run-away deceiver!  
You must have been, to use me so,  
The fur of female beaver.

My hat is gone; I weep to think  
That I must wear a cap;  
Alas! I cannot sleep a wink,  
Because I've lost my nap.

These sublime verses were answered with good-humored irony by Miss Devon, a really accomplished and most amiable young lady, who had already shaken his allegiance to Miss Leslie, by painting his portrait in oil, as little as life, and much handsomer than the original.

The hat was, by chance, recovered by Miss Devon's brother, and sent to him with the following lines:—

"It must have been,  
The fur of female beaver."

These words are truly said, I own:  
We questioned it of secrets heard,  
Of all the follies it had known:  
It answered not a single word,  
But its brown silence calmly kept,  
As if in very scorn it slept:  
Such truth and firmness, misbeliever,  
Show it to be "of female beaver."

At length, with an indignant air,  
"Within," it cried, "the brightness lay,  
To turn your darkness into day,  
And shed its brightness everywhere.  
Without it, all 's so very dim:  
Oh, haste, and send me back to him."  
Such blind devotion, misbeliever,  
Proves it to be "of female beaver."

Mr. Stubbs was in ecstasies. Miss Leslie had no chance against Miss Devon after that—for a week or two at least. He sat down and wrote an impassioned effusion of eight quarto pages, addressed "To Miss Sappho Devon." Cruel, fickle Mr. Stubbs! Happy Miss Devon! Her name, however, was not Sappho, but Margaret; and among the many amatory stanzas that Mr. Stubbs composed during her reign, were the following, on the double French signification of that word.

#### LA MARGUERITE.

Well art thou called *La Marguerite*,  
A daisy or a pearl;  
In either sense the name is fit  
For so divine a girl.



Some prophet aptly gave that name  
At the baptismal hour  
Of her who sparkles like the gem,  
Though modest as the flower.

Miss Devon was, or pretended to be, in raptures with this compliment, and added some additional touches to Mr. Stubbs' portrait in oils, under his own superintending eye. Mr. Stubbs, as has been already intimated, was a versatile genius, and among his accomplishments he especially prided himself on his taste and judgment in the pictorial art—and not without reason. The walls of his dining and drawing-rooms were adorned with rare paintings, all undoubted originals by unknown masters, and of which he had detected the merit in the lumber-rooms of furniture-brokers, and in obscure *omnium gatherum* stalls. But Mr. Stubbs was so frank and zealous, that he could seldom conceal from the vender his rapture at any discovery of a treasure; so that he was usually asked pretty high prices. But he was liberal, and delighted to rescue merit from obscurity. On one occasion, he observed in a little broker's shop, a mysterious-looking, time-worn performance, which to a common eye would have seemed nothing else than a flagrant red patch on a black ground. To Mr. Stubbs, it seemed a very Turner of old times. "What is the subject of this picture?" said he to the shopkeeper. "It is an eruption of Mount Vesuvius," was the answer.—"To be sure! to be sure it is!" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs, with uncontrollable enthusiasm, "and a most mas-

terly work it is, by Salvator Rosa—no, no, by Schalchen. I see it now! What is the price?" The honest man, though thus instructed of the value of the article, asked only thirty moidores, about thirty-four pounds. "No," said Stubbs, "I cannot afford so much; will you take five-and-twenty?" "Well, sir, it is giving it away," replied the broker, after a little hesitation, "but you shall have it."

The painting was bought and paid for, and sent to a picture-cleaner, who was particularly enjoined to bring it home to its new master on a certain day. Mr. Stubbs invited several of his friends to dine with him on that day, on purpose, as he told them, to show them his prize. They arrived, but not the picture. He was growing impatient for the wondrous work of art which he was to exhibit; they were growing impatient for their dinner. The picture came at last; the covering was removed, and the painting turned out to be the portrait of a boiled lobster. The guests were convulsed with laughter. Mr. Stubbs was rather surprised. "Well," said he, "it is a very fine lobster, any how. Let us go to dinner." That painting was afterwards put into a handsome gilt frame, and still adorns the wall over the sideboard in Mr. Stubbs' dining-room; and opposite to it, over his dining-room mantelpiece, is Miss Devon's portrait of his own good-humored, cemical countenance. Long may he live to rejoice in them both!

[To be concluded.]

#### THE WORLD A SEPULCHRE.

THERE is the lone and still church-yard,  
In some sequestered glen,  
Where cotters sleep beneath the sward,  
Remote from haunts of men;

There is the stone-paved burial-place,  
The city's crowded bed  
Of graves, where rest full many a race;  
"A city of the dead!"

There are the wildernesses vast,  
Where sand or snowy wreath  
Have o'er the weary pilgrim cast  
The still repose of death.

There are the bowels of that land  
That opened at God's word,  
Ingulfing Korah and his band  
When they defied the Lord.

There are the hateful fields of death,  
Strewn with remains of War,  
Where millions yielded up their breath,  
Crushed by her "Iron Car."

There is the fathomless blue sea,  
With all its hidden things,  
That o'er a goodly company  
Its mocking requiem sings.

Death strews its victims everywhere,  
O'er mountain, vale and wave;  
The world's a splendid sepulchre,  
A vast revolving grave!

Tait.

#### THE FIELD OF MORAT.

THE morning sun was shining o'er  
The small but patriot band,  
Whose banners gleamed right merrily  
On Morat's bloodless strand;  
When thunder-like there rose a shout,  
Loud-bursting to the sky,—  
"For freedom and our mountain-homes  
We'll conquer, or we'll die!"

As fiercely sweeps the wild siroc  
O'er Syria's burning plain,  
So charge the Swiss in serried files,  
Retiring, charge again!  
In vain, Duke Charles, thy war-spears clash,  
Thy banners flaunt the sky;  
Yon patriot band no power can crush—  
They fight for liberty!

The morn had seen a stranger host  
In numberless array;  
The evening sun was sinking low,  
And all had passed away.  
The numerous, but now grass-clad piles,  
To distant times shall tell,  
How once, on Morat's fated plain,  
The stranger tyrants fell.

Time, the resistless enemy,  
The parent of decay,  
The memory of other fields  
May haply blot away;  
But, Morat, still thy glorious fight  
Shall unforgotten be,—  
The watch-word of the patriot,  
The glory of the free!

Tait.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Socratis Scholastici Ecclesiastica Historie Libri septem ex recensione Henrici Valesii. Oxonii. 1845.*

WE are indebted to the University press of Oxford for the reprint of this important contribution to ecclesiastical history. Socrates is justly entitled to a high estimation. Pursuing the narrative from the period with which Eusebius had closed, he especially applies himself to the varied fortunes of the Church of Constantinople. In that city he had been born and educated, and subsequently followed the legal profession, and was thus peculiarly qualified to record the events of which the capital had been the scene. It is not, however, our purpose to touch, in this article, on his ecclesiastical details, but to avail ourselves of detached facts which he presents in illustration of the domestic condition of the seat of the eastern empire. We do not wish to encroach on the province of the historian, whether secular or religious, but to present our readers with some sketches of the private life of Constantinople, such as it was in the first century of their capital and the fourth of the Christian era. That city abounds in matter of the deepest interest to all who speculate in the history of man; but few are aware of that domestic training and character of her citizens which hastened the ruin of the Eastern Church and Empire. Many circumstances on which we most desire information must be deduced rather from hints and allusions than from distinct statements, and we often have to pick from the venerable rebukes of the ancient pulpit orator and scriptural commentator, or from petty prohibitions in the imperial code, what we cannot collect from historians, who are either too concise like Socrates, or too verbose and unphilosophical, like Eusebius.

The foundation of Byzantium is assigned to the third year of the 30th Olympiad, 657 B. C. Megara and Argos had the good fortune to share in the work, and long received all filial reverence from their illustrious colony. It subsequently fell into the hands of Darius, the Ionians, and Xerxes, and reclaimed its dubious freedom or dependence by the siege sustained from Pausanias and the Lacedæmonians. But perhaps he rendered a more important service by the increased population which he drew within its walls, and which entitled him to the designation of its second founder. In the rapid transfer of the supremacy from the Spartans to the Athenians, and from the Athenians to the Spartans, Byzantium apparently followed the tide of conquest, but really availed itself of the opportunity to vindicate its liberty. Those surpassing advantages of position which have attracted the cupidity of modern rulers could not escape the acute eye of Philip of Macedon. But Demosthenes was on the watch; and the liberation of the citizens from the siege which Philip waged against them was one of the proudest feats of which the great orator could boast.\* In due time the Byzantines yielded to the Roman yoke, and in return for their aid in the Mithridatic war, obtained the free usage of their ancient laws. Their gratitude and splendor drew forth the admiration of Cicero. "Urbem Byzantium huic imperio fidelissimam fuisse, refertissimam atque ornatissimam signis, quis ignorat?"†

\* Demost. De Coronâ, xxvii.

† De Provinciis Consularibus, iii. iv.

The fame of the city continued unimpaired till the reign of Severus, (A. D. 193,) when it unfortunately sided with his rival Pescennius Niger; the result was the overthrow of the buildings, the privation of civic rights, and subjection for a time to the neighboring town of Perinthus. At length the wrath of the conqueror yielded to compassion, or a wiser policy, and he commenced the repair of its ruins, in the hope that it might still serve as a bulwark against the barbarians of Asia; yet the wrong of which he had repented did not deter Gallienus and his soldiers (A. D. 260) from inflicting even more cruel injuries; and these were consummated by the loss of 6000 citizens in the siege which it endured from Constantine himself (A. D. 323) when pursuing Licinius. Here was the close of trouble and subjection. In the very next year the city was preferred to be the future capital, and rapidly prepared for this high destination. But whatever were the natural advantages of the spot, and however skilfully Constantine labored to improve and embellish his selected centre of government, there was an inherent degradation of morals in the inhabitants which threatened to develop in proportion with their increase. Their bravery had been proved in a long succession of wars, yet they had been always notorious for sensual vice and debauchery: the authority of the legislature had been impaired by this degeneracy of manners, and the pleasure of the citizens served as their most valid law. We are sorry not to have it in our power to dwell on these facts more minutely;—but must hasten to our proposed sketches, and enable our readers to form some judgment how far the Byzantines had improved, when at the end of the fourth century they occupied the capital of Christendom.

In the present state of society, female life and character are sure indications of the domestic condition of a people; and this holds good with respect to the Constantinopolitans. The city was essentially Greek, and exhibited Grecian influence to a very preponderating degree;—yet the depreciation of females which prevailed in the *historical* age of Greece was not transmitted to this great descendant of the Grecian race; in fact, not being properly an European principle, it never took root among the Romans; it could not coëxist with Christianity; and the influences of Christianity and of Rome were amalgamated in this new compound of Grecian civilization. Accordingly women have found a conspicuous place in the literature of the time. Our readers shall judge how far the portraiture is satisfactory; but we must premise that while our chief informant, St. Chrysostom, cannot surely be false, much of humble excellence might have escaped an eye that was ever scrutinizing the follies of the great; while his own pages show that there were individuals within his personal acquaintance who deserved even his highest commendation.

The personal charms of the ladies are described far more copiously than their mental gifts; indeed, the latter seem to have been in general overlaid by the care bestowed on their outward adornments. Our readers will recollect how decidedly Aristotle\* tells us that *size* (*μῆκος*) is one of the virtues of a woman; but this was not less a virtue in the times of which we are treating; and Gregory Nazianzen† forcibly rebukes a kinsman who depreciated his wife only because she was too small. This important particular being assumed, more specific

\* Rhetoric, lib. i. 5.

† Greg. Nazianzen, epist. 155, edit. Morel, 1690.

claims were requisite for admission among the *belles* of the metropolis. The eyes must be full, dark, liquid, and rolling—the nose straight and exquisitely chiselled, with nostrils perfectly proportioned; the teeth of beautiful arrangement.\* Thus much was required from nature; art too was called upon. Painting the face and dying the eyes with stibium (*σταύρακι, σφδαλμύρ*) were appliances that few women could resist. It required the utmost tact to induce one's wife to relinquish them. Should she be so addicted, says Chrysostom,† “do not terrify her; do not threaten her; be persuasive and insinuating. Talk at her by reflecting on neighbors who do the same; tell her she appears less lovely when thus tampered with. Ask her if she wishes to look young, and assure her *this* is the quickest way to look old. Then finally come down upon her with the warnings of Scripture. You may speak once and again, and she is invincible; but never desist; be always amiable and bland, but still persevere. It is worth putting every engine into motion; if you succeed you will no more see lips stained with vermilion, a mouth like that of a bear reeking with gore, nor eyebrows blackened as from a sooty kettle, nor cheeks plastered like whited sepulchres.” Such is the saint's exhortation. It shows that the dames of the eastern empire could at least make their independence recognized, and affords a striking contrast to the degraded state of their successors in modern times. It is curious too to remark how, under every change of circumstance, the fashion of painting the eyes has prevailed in these regions; and, indeed, with habits in many respects so dissimilar, their delicacy and pampered imbecility would have rendered them fit inhabitants of the harem. Their early training was deplorably defective. Till the period of a very premature marriage, they lived in the deepest seclusion, and we scarcely discern a vestige of mental education. “Whence comes it,” says Chrysostom,‡ “that the sex is so effeminate, but from their method of rearing! It is the result of their seclusion, their idleness, their baths, their unguents, the infinity of their perfumes, and their downy couches.” A watch was set upon their chambers; the approach even of relations was almost forbidden. It is to be feared that in childhood they rarely attended the worship of the church; by boys|| we know it was commonly neglected. But no precautions could avail to prevent the bride from catching distant glances at her intended partner;—occasionally, from some lofty window, she peered after the unknown master of her happiness. This, however, was a felicity of which he seldom partook; the courtship was conducted on his behalf; he was too much intent upon the hippodrome to give himself to such business-like transactions. The affair was in the hands of his father and mother—and innumerable matchmakers¶—*προμηστριαὶ πόλλαι καὶ νυμ-*

*γαυροὶ πολλοί*. The contract was properly made in the presence of ten\* witnesses; and by a singular provision, if a wife† brought a large dowry, the husband was expected to meet it with a certain amount, which, in the event of her early death, might be claimed by her relations—a plausible method of preventing mercenary marriages, as many would fear to make shipwreck of their all on so uncertain a contingency.

The religious ceremony was performed a day before the civil contract. A bishop or priest joined the hands of the parties and pronounced a blessing; but at home,‡ not in the presence of the church. Unquestionably the proceedings of the following day could not have harmonized with any ecclesiastical rite. Our readers need only call to mind the nuptial festivities of pagan Greece, and they have a picture of those of Christian Constantinople. The seclusion of the bride for her whole previous life was frustrated in an hour. She came forth from her father's door in all the disfigurements of paint; and she who had scarcely known that a world existed, was first received into it by hosts of drunken and lascivious men—refuge slaves, vagabonds, prostitutes. The procession to the house of the bridegroom, always late in the evening, was attended by innumerable lamps and torches, and the bride was paraded through the agora to the sound of flutes and cymbals. Singers and dancers from the theatre were hired for the occasion. Every license was given to the drunken revellers around, and her ears were accosted by songs of the foulest indecency and scurrility.§ The marriage of a wealthy couple afforded something like a saturnalia to the reprobate idlers of the town. The “happy couple” were “at home” for a week after the ceremony. At this interesting epoch, paint was not the only adventitious ornament in which the young lady appeared; she was arrayed in finery ransacked from all her friends. One furnished a dress, another a jewel, and a third some costly article of furniture. But at last the week expired, restitution must be made, and her youthful heart was to prove whether it could sustain the shock of such a separation. “The bride will not take it to heart bitterly,” says Chrysostom, “if she be kindly treated;” which looks as if honeymoons had sometimes been speedily overclouded. But in truth what she had gained was more than sufficient to compensate for the borrowed splendor which she lost. She had passed from the imprisoned seclusion of her youth to a freedom out of doors, and an authority at home, such as modern high life could scarcely exceed.

Her most becoming position was when she appeared in all the dignity of the housewife, (*καὶ τοῦ οἴκου*), with her maids in silence spinning at her side; but this is an exhibition of rare occurrence; far more frequently she is in tumult indoors or fashionable dissipation abroad. In one of her troubles she shared abundantly with modern mistresses; her servants were an everlasting grievance; and in the fourth century, the troops of them retained by the wealthy inhabitants of Constantinople seem to us almost incredible. It was natural that an inexperienced bride should be charmed by the multitude of her maidens, but she little knew what it entailed. As they were *property*, their bodily

\* Chrysost. 1 Epist. ad Timotheum, cap. i., homil. 4. It is uncertain whether the homilies on the Epistles to Timothy were delivered at Antioch or Constantinople. For our purpose the question is immaterial, as the general character of his discourses is similar at both places. The moral condition of these great cities was almost identical, and there is, perhaps, no matter of censure charged upon the one which is not also alleged against the other. Our quotations are all from the Paris reprint of the Benedictine edition, 1834—40.

† Chrysost. in Matthæum, homil. xxx. tom. vii. 401.

‡ In Hebræos, homil. xxix. tom. xii. 392.

§ Chrysost., tom. iii. 235.

|| Mem in Psalmum xlviii., tom. v. 620.

¶ Idem, tom. iii. 381.

\* Codex Theod., lib. iii. tit. vii. tom. i. 280.

† Chrysost., tom. iii. 261, quales ducende uxores.

‡ Codex Theod., lib. iii. tit. vii. Gothofred's note.

§ Chrysost., iv. 626.

|| Ibid. xi. 176.



ailments were matter of ceaseless solicitude; but this would have been tolerable, and even things worse than this—the daily vexation in watching over the idle, controlling the mischievous, appeasing the quarrelsome, and correcting countless misdemeanors.\* Something still graver remains, and in such a swarm it was sure to occur; at least one would be beautiful. The husband might be truly faithful, but who could brook such a collision: here was the embarrassment of wealth; she must have multitudes of attendants, and it redounded to her fame that they should be handsome. In such a case it is not difficult to foresee the lengths to which unrestrained power and petulance might prompt her. Hear Chrysostom commenting on Ephesians,† chap. iv. v. 31, “Let all clamor be put away.” “Above all things,” says he, “let women hear this, for it treats of their habitual practice. When they are exasperated with their damsels, the whole house reëchoes to the cry, and should the house adjoin the street, every passenger overhears the screaming mistress and the shrieking maid: ‘What can be the matter!’ bursts from every mouth. ‘It is Mrs. So and So, beating her maid.’ (*Ἡ δὲ ὄντα, φησί, τὴν δοῦλὴν τέπειται τὴν αὐτὴς.*) What,” continues the preacher, “may she not beat her? I say not that, for she ought; but not continually, nor immoderately, nor for household trifles, nor for negligent service merely. But if she injures her own soul, then all men will approve and none condemn the beating.—Yes, if she will not improve, correct her with a rod and blows. And what am I to do if she paints!—Forbid it. What if she is given to drinking, talking, and scandal!—Why, how many ladies are the same! But many a mistress is so savage as to scourge till one whole day cannot efface the stripes; and when the unhappy woman next appears in the bath, all this cruelty is disclosed. Now she is threatened with the dungeon; now assailed with ten thousand oaths and maledictions (*μυρία λοιδορημάτων*;) first she is a witch, and then a street-walker, and next a ———; for in her foaming passion a mistress withholds no word of insult. She strips her and binds her to the bed-post, summons her children to the spectacle, and bids her dotard spouse act the part of executioner. Ought these things to happen in the houses of Christians! Why,” he concludes, “why are you all (*πίσαι*) blushing; or rather not all, but such as feel it applicable to themselves!” We fear that this picture is not much over-colored; the law had interposed to control the unlimited power of life and death, which masters could formerly exercise, but it had done nothing to repress such scenes as these. Constantine had published two edicts on the treatment of slaves; the first specifies the instrument of punishment which may be used with impunity by the master, even though to death—namely, rods and thongs; the second provides more explicitly for this event, and declares that the death of the slave is not to be attributed to unjustifiable usage when inflicted by these means, because the master must be supposed to intend his reformation.‡

These troops of females might be convenient at home, but abroad fashion required a retinue of eunuchs. The number of these unhappy creatures is inconceivable. Their character shall be given in

the words of St. Basil: “Eunuchs are a dishonorable and abandoned race, neither men nor women, yet devoted to women; envious, mean, passionate, gluttonous, avaricious, cruel, inconstant, illiberal, grasping, insatiable, furious, and envious;”—yet they were as indispensable as the tall footmen of Grosvenor-square. “In liveries decked with gold,” says Chrysostom, “they must be in attendance on the mules of their mistress;” and once on the mules he sketches some scenes which have perhaps been paralleled elsewhere, even in modern days of Christianity. “The husband has despatched the mules elsewhere—forthwith ensues peevishness—a quarrel, a sullen fit; or perhaps she herself had forgot the engagements of the morning and carelessly let them go—not the less all the day long she is devoured with vexation. And besides, these same mules may turn lame, and both of them too, and they must be sent out to grass, and that year after year, and for weeks at a time.” She thought it an interminable age while she sat at home, as though she were in prison, (*ἰδομένη*;) and mused over the infinity of shopping for her children and herself, which awaited her liberation (*χρησὶς καὶ οὐκ ἀναγκάσις*.) She could not go out, though, as the preacher rejoins, “it would have been better to have walked than to have sulked at home—or why were feet given us!” But no—“she did not like to be jostled by the host of her acquaintance; that might excite a blush;” and he abruptly closes the debate by retorting that there might be far better reasons for her blushing at home.† Thrice happy was she who yoked white mules to her carriage; even the empress could not be more fortunate. The harness‡ must be all in keeping with a gilded collar and trappings of silver tissue. Exulting in such an equipage, she enjoyed no ride so much as that which conveyed her to the jeweller’s. Her gems incessantly required to be reset; but the diffidence that forbade her walking through the streets happily subsided on entering his shop.§ A ring or brooch might be stolen, if left in his hands, so she would sit and chat with him till the process was finished. His shop was the most sumptuous in the city—he was at once the goldsmith and the banker, as in the London of our own old dramatists.||

Balls, marriages, and processions claimed indisputable possession of jewels, curls, and cosmetics; but nowhere was vanity so salient as where its empire was most resisted. Happen what might, the Thracian *belle* would parade all the resources of her toilette to church. Chrysostom might thunder through both her ears, but how could she attend while they were weighed down by pendants falling to her neck? “Yes”—he exclaims, “in one tip of her little ear¶ she will suspend a ring that might have paid for the food of ten thousand poor-Christians!” She set forth, studded with gems, while her robe stood stiff with golden embroidery. Her waist\*\* was *nimum lubricus aspici*, and the fold of her mantle seemed set by the sylphs for conquest—(*περιεγὼν ἀναβόλῃ τὸν φάρυγ, τὸν χιτῶνίσκου, τὴν περιεγογῆσαν, πλοῦματα ἀπληκτισμένα.*) Let the ill-

\* Basilii Epist. cxv. tom. iii. 298, edit. Benedict. secunda, Paris, 1839.

† Chrysost. in Psalmum xlviii. tom. v. 627.

‡ Chrysost. in Joannem, homil. xii. tom. viii. 77; et tom. iii. 212.

§ In Psalmum xlviii. tom. v. 620.

|| Sozomen, lib. vii. cap. iv., with Valesius's note.

¶ Chrysost. in Matthæum, homil. lxxxix. tom. vii. 945.

\*\* In Epist. ad Timoth., cap. ii. homil. viii. tom. xi. 661.

\* Chrysost. De Virginitate, tom. i. 395.

† In Epist. ad Ephes., cap. iv. homil. xv. tom. xi. 129.

‡ Codex Theod., lib. ix. tit. iii.

natured preacher declaim as he list, "I like it," is her conclusive reply, "and my heart swells while all admire;" and so at last the matrons were too strong for Chrysostom. This was sufficiently vexatious, but what if the like folly infected the *Virgins of the Church*, the *ἡγουμέναι*? And were the virgins ever seen with golden ornaments or braided hair? "No," says the saint, "but they have become cunning in their simplicity; and this is worse and worse." \* It appears certain that they were not the forerunners of the *Sœurs de la Charité*: though it has been sometimes maliciously supposed that the mischievous spirits of this world dart temptation from the primness of a quakeress' bonnet, and fledge an arrow from the quiet folds of her tuckers, who, in these days, has impeached the singleness of heart in the poor *Sœur*, or doubted her deadness to the world's beguilements! But it was not so of old; the *virgins* had a garb; and Chrysostom roundly charges them with many a furtive design in assuming it. "Their gown (*χιτών*) is of the deepest grey (*σφοδρὰ χυαῖος*): they are very short-waisted, and the girdle just below the breast performs its office with the closest assiduity, (*πολλὴς ἀκριβείας*.) Who can deny that it is more seductive than all the gayety of silks? Then there are the shoes, refulgent with blacking, (*αἰλάν*), nicely acuminate to a point, the copy of no mortal foot, but of the beau idéal of the painter's art. Who can withdraw from that face which has never known paint, but glistens with perpetual soap! (*ἀσποκίτης μετὰ πολλῆς τῆς ἀκριβείας καὶ τῆς αἰλάνος*.) A veil whiter than the face hangs partially before it, and this again is contrasted with the black robe, in which she appears abroad, its hood just covering the summit of her head. But who shall decide the object of that veil, for from beneath it her eyes are seen to wander in ten thousand movements! Then the gloves cling so smoothly to the hands, that they look like another integument of nature; and last of all," says the saintly preacher, "are countless artful graces of carriage and deportment, such as entrance every eye, even though a dame all golden be riding by her side."

Thus adorned, the fair of Constantinople pressed their way through the narrow streets to the fashionable preacher—or the fashionable doctrine. Their arrival, however, was not effected till they had been beset by many a victim of squalid want and disease. The portico of the church, by ancient custom and prescription, was thronged by objects of every variety of misery; nor had these sufferers flocked to the imperial city in ignorance of its artifices. Hideous as was their appearance, they could be courtly beggars. They implored the disdainful lady by the eyes of her son or daughter, or absent husband, or still more undeniably, by her own loveliness. "Then the heart eaps, the color glows, and the hand makes its offerings to CHARITY." † Whether or no their supplications moved her, at any rate she withdrew her glove, ‡ which was embroidered with gold, to dip her delicate fingers in the fountain that played before the church. §

\* These *ἡγουμέναι* were, no doubt, the virgins called Ecclesiastical by Sozomen, viii. 23. Their names were inscribed in the roll of the church, but according to Bingham (book vii. chap. iv. sect. 1) they lived privately in their father's house, and had their maintenance from him, or in cases of necessity, from the church.

† Chrysost., tom. iii. 35. Habentes eundem Spiritum.

‡ Idem in Psalmum, xlviii. tom. v. 616.

§ Idem in Joannem, homil. lxxiv. tom. viii. 496.

But for all this intrusion of vanity the church was not responsible. Every decorous arrangement was enforced, and truths were told, and rebukes administered, such as no modern audience could endure. Females were placed apart, generally on an elevation or gallery above the men, in the intention of preserving a more entire separation; but it was applied to the purposes of a more prominent display. In fact, the behavior of both sexes in divine worship was most disgraceful. Our services among the most illiterate of our people contrast infinitely to their advantage with the court churches of the ancient metropolis. It is the just and frequent subject of invective at Antioch and Constantinople. "The order of a household shames the disorder of the church." "Here are the tumult and confusion of an inn, the laughter and hubbub of the bath and the agora." The dress of many women exposed them to the worst suspicions, and Chrysostom declares his belief that no place was more available for assignations.\* Matters of trade were canvassed more freely than in the market. "Yes; if you would abuse and be abused, talk of your families, your country, or your armies; go not to the courts or the doctors' shops, (*ιατρίον*.) Here you will obtain the truest intelligence; this is the exchange of all nations." When the discourse was uninteresting, and, at any rate, during the prayers, the congregation sat and chatted; and sharp and witty repartees (*αἰτίων τι*) were circulated with success. Above all, we are told, this was the behavior of the women. "Here," says Chrysostom, "they show neither awe nor reserve: here they laugh always." †

It seems, then, that attendance at church was very much regarded as a matter of fashion: and with such degraded notions of worship it was natural that the preacher should be the all-important object of regard. If Chrysostom was to preach, there was sure to be a throng—always provided that there was no conflicting exhibition at the hippodrome—but if the audience assembled to hear him and he did not preach—if he had what is technically called "a supply," the whole church was convulsed. It was a compliment commonly paid to strange clergymen to request them to take part in the service where they happened to be sojourning. In compliance with this courteous custom, Chrysostom called one day on "our brother from Galatia," a bishop, a man of graceful and hoary antiquity, (*λαμπρὰν παλαιότητα*.) Instantly the audience discharged upon him a volley of screams. They were famished for Chrysostom, "for the tongue that cut, and lashed, and stung, and tortured them, like a child that has been whipped, and yet runs after his mother, and will not keep aloof, but weeping and whining still trails at her side." On such occasions a tumult might ensue from withstanding the popular voice, and, no wonder that "the brother from Galatia" was forced to descend. ‡

The excitable and giddy Greeks were as eager to express their admiration when the "great preacher" moved them. He came, as he says, oftentimes with a rod, but it was the rod of an enchanter, and bursts of acclamation impeded his discourse. Very simply and affectingly he describes

\* Idem in Epist. 1 ad Corinth., homil. xxxvi. tom. x. 398.

† Chrysost. in Epist. ad Hebræos, chap. ix. homil. xv. tom. xii. 223.

‡ Chrysost. homil., in illud, Pater meus usque modo operatur, etc., tom. xii. 523.

the effect of such applause. For the moment he felt as other men would feel, (*ἀνθρώπων τι πάσχει*.) He exulted, and his spirits were buoyant within him; but when he reached the episcopal residence he reflected that the benefit of the discourse had evaporated in plaudits, and disappointment and lamentation were his solitary reward.\* Gentile and heretic indifferently hastened to hear him of the golden mouth. Whether led by curiosity or the desire of instruction, he captivated all, and vanquished the reason when unable to subdue the heart. The excessive throng compelled him to deviate from the usual practice of preaching from the steps of the altar. He was to be seen, worn, attenuated, and fallow,† *sitting* in the reader's desk, nearly in the centre of the church, while the people with open mouth caught up his words, insatiably longing for more, and pressed and crushed each other to imbibe more closely the spell of his eloquence.

The concourse being often such as we have described, it is not surprising that many withdrew lightened of their jewels. There was a certain class‡ of women who made it their business to purloin such articles from the church and the bath. The immense crowd rendered the recovery of property hopeless, and awful was the sequel of church-going. Slave-girls were scourged, and waiting-men confounded, and police and prisons in incessant requisition.§

The naming of the child was often an occasion of the most absurd superstition. The pious custom of antiquity, which had designed him for future piety by imposing the name of some saint or martyr, was nearly obsolete. It was customary|| to have a number of lamps lighted, and labelled with names acceptable to the parental ear. The infant was named after the lamp which longest protracted its light, this being deemed an omen of longevity. Then it was furnished with a multitude of charms and fascinations. Amulets and bells, and crimson threads were put into its hand, whereas Chrysostom would admit the symbol of the cross as the only defence. The power of the evil eye and the appliances of witchcraft were anxiously counteracted. Nurses and maids took the mud out of the bath, and with their fingers besmeared it over the forehead of the child. This was deemed of potent efficacy. Another mode equally favored (*μεγάλης φιλίας*) was the use of texts from the gospels, suspended like the Roman *bulia* from the neck.|| But with all this precaution against visionary dangers, those which were real and momentous were disregarded. Children were surrounded by troops of servants of the vilest character; and so familiarized to songs which Chrysostom, anticipating Southey, terms *Satanic*. Parents were too ignorant of Scripture to be capable of imparting it to their children. Many of them did not know of the existence of such a book as the Acts of the Apostles.\*\* The father deemed his duty fulfilled when he had provided his son with a pedagogue, who was intrusted with the charge of him at home,

and attended him to the school; but this person was too often engaged without any consideration of the important trust committed to him. Boys frequented the public spectacles, but their attendance at church was never enforced; when it occurred it was accidental, or dictated by curiosity. They were gaily dressed, and early indulged in that master vanity of shoes, of which we shall see more when we come to their manhood. Oftentimes they appeared in snowy robes, and with an abundance of golden ornaments and bracelets. School-life, *i. e.* at a day-school, began very soon, even before the fifth year. As soon as spelling and reading were achieved, the instruction seems to have been chiefly derived from the recitation of passages of approved authors, with a special regard to a proper enunciation and declamation. Boys commonly attended these day-schools till towards their fifteenth year,\* and here, in addition to their grammar, learning, they received the rudiments of geometry, with writing and arithmetic. From that age, something of a professional or university education commenced; and youths of wealth and family passed through a very extensive *curriculum*. For example, Nazianzen tells us that he and his friend St. Basil, having finished their earlier studies, repaired first to Cæsarea in Palestine, which he calls a "metropolis of literature;" then went through a course at Constantinople,† "the capital of the east, renowned for the most consummate sophists and philosophers;" and finally distinguished themselves in the schools of Athens.

When we speak of the academic course of any city of antiquity, our readers must not expect to find it the counterpart of that in our old English universities. These are not lecture-rooms or theatres for disputation and display. Their main design is not to impart a certain amount of cleverness and mental furniture; but they are alike the copy and the mould of English character: they aspire to form the whole man; to take living stones out of the quarry of human nature, and fashion and chisel them into the symmetry of their own beautiful erections. This is the aim of our venerated universities; they would concentrate the hereditary influences of English life on each successive generation of our youth, and perpetuate that depth of moral and national feeling which, in spite of all sinister efforts, will, we hope, continue to distinguish us. At Constantinople, as in most foreign countries now, and in Scotland, a number of lecture-rooms formed the whole visible establishment. A rescript, dated A. D. 425, informs us of the whole *matériel* of the institution. The number and immunities of professors having been already partially defined by Constantine, Theodosius in this edict assigns them various auditoria or *exedrae*, such as we may call lecture-rooms. In imitation of the Roman capitol with its numerous porticoes, where poets of old recited their compositions, he establishes his academy in the capitol of Constantinople. Here stood eight porticoes, and contiguous to them were the *exedrae*, large buildings, usually admitting a free current of air, and the walls decorated with the embellishments of the dramatic muse. The only furniture consisted of seats and a rostrum for the lecturer. They nearly resembled the chapter-houses of our cathedrals, which are attached to the sides of the cloisters just as the *exedrae* to the

\* Chrysost. in Acta Apostolorum, homil. xxx. tom. ix. 263.

† Sozomen, lib. viii. cap. v.

‡ Chrysost., De Virginitate, tom. i. 391.

§ Chrysost. in Matthæum, homil. lxxxix. tom. vii. 945, 946.

|| Chrysost. in Epist. 1 ad Corinth., homil. xii. tom. x. 125.

¶ Chrysost. in populum Antiochenum, homil. xix. tom. ii. 232.

\*\* Chrysost. in Acta Apostolorum, tom. ix. p. 1.

\* Codex Theodosianus, lib. ii. tit. viii., with Gothofred's note.

† Gregory Nazian. Orat. Vicesima, *εἰς βασιλεῖον Ἐπιστολῶν*, tom. i. p. 325, Morel, 1690.



porticos. One such exedra was appropriated to each professor; the reason assigned being, that neither pupils nor masters may raise disturbances against each other, (sibi invicem obstreperet,) nor the confusion of tongues divert their minds from study. Till the year A. D. 425 there were only six professors of the three faculties, grammar, rhetoric, and law. Of these, two were confined to the grammatical studies of the Greek and one to the Latin language, two professors were employed in rhetoric or sophistry, and one in law. "This establishment, however, being totally insufficient for so popular a resort, many private teachers of repute were attended by large numbers of pupils at their own apartments, or even in public places. But the practice was open to grave objections. The irregulars were generally pagans, and likely to exercise a very injurious influence on their youthful auditors. To counteract this evil, Theodosius confined the irregular teachers to private work; and largely increased the number of the public professors. The requisite qualifications of a professor were, under his edict, a blameless moral character, experience in teaching, facility of address, a flowing eloquence, and *subtily of interpretation*! But by whom were these diversified claims to be examined? Who had the honor or misfortune to sit in judgment on the various candidates? The wording of the law seems to intimate that the examination as well as the appointment took place in the senate, a case in which we might sympathize equally with candidates and judges. We question whether the literati of a later age would willingly submit their merits to an assembly far more illustrious than the senate of Theodosius. How appalling would be the embarrassments of an aspirant in jurisprudence who had all the ex-chancellors of England and Ireland to debate and decide on his deserts! Or where could a misbegotten sophist flee to hide himself, with the Archbishop of Dublin on one side of him, and the Bishop of St. David's on the other? Gothofredus\* is so touched with pity for the peril of their situation, that he proposes a correction of the text to facilitate their escape. He supposes the merits of candidates were examined by the body of professors, and that the senate only approved of the recommendation which these had given. However this may have been, candidates and critics seem to have been very fairly matched, and many an aspirant was approved at Constantinople, on whom an indignant "non habilis" would have been pronounced in England.

The number was now raised to thirty-one. Of these, the Latin language and eloquence engrossed ten grammarians and three orators, while the same number of grammarians and five sophists illustrated the Greek.† "But since we would not have our noble youth trained exclusively in these attainments, we associate with the above-mentioned masters more profound teachers of science and learning." The provision is most scanty—"Let one professor explore the arcana of philosophy, and two reveal the formulæ of law." The duties of most of these teachers are easily intelligible, but the precise functions of the sophist, orator, or professed rhetorical disputant, cannot be so clearly assigned. Endless volubility and infinite assumption had distinguished the race from the days of Plato; but we may well ask what was its object or profit in matters of education? A training

under such masters could not but be most detrimental to the young. We may discern its effects in some whose talents and sensibility might have been expected to offer the best resistance. Nowhere is it more apparent, or more to be deplored, than in the case of Gregory Nazianzen. He had received the best education that three illustrious universities could afford. But while imbibing much that was beneficial, he did not escape the rhetorical excesses of the time, and thus impairs the effect of that endearing tenderness of feeling which is his great charm. Such being the result with men of real genius, it is easy to guess how intolerable the evil must have become in the case of feeble spirits. The spurious homilies attached to the Benedictine edition of St. Chrysostom, give abundant testimony to the miserable degradation of the public taste.

It was the misfortune of the time that the more abstruse and invigorating studies were held in disrepute or suspicion. Thus Gregory tells us that St. Basil, while at Athens, studied "arithmetic, astronomy, and geometry so far as not to be confounded by the empty pretences of their professors, but rejected everything beyond, as being useless to the disciples of Christianity. In short, he was not less worthy of admiration for his neglect of some branches than for his cultivation of others."\* These studies had, indeed, become so subservient to the purposes of astrology and divination that their proper office was overlooked, and while pursuing them, a Christian was perpetually in danger of deviating to forbidden ground.

The logic of Aristotle might in a measure have supplied their place, as a process of mental training, had it not been too frequently perverted to a method of chicane. It was communicated to ordinary students through a variety of systems and compendia. Of one such work Themistius was the author, and from his statement it appears that such dilutions were indispensable. He tells us that though the deeper writings of the great philosopher were everywhere to be had, they were generally unintelligible, and that his meaning seemed entrenched within more fortifications than the palace at Ecbatana.† In ethical studies, which had not yet ceased to be a branch of education, he shared the empire with Plato; but the flowing eloquence of the latter rendered him the more popular authority.

Legal instruction was nowhere better than at Constantinople, excepting at the celebrated Berytus. A youth intended for the law would have received but a deficient education who had not taken them in succession. In the same way, a residence at Alexandria was requisite to perfect a medical student. Indeed, whatever were the actual amount of knowledge imparted, there was no lack of time or labor, or journeying, to procure it. At court one of the readiest methods to promotion was a thorough acquaintance with the Latin language and literature,‡ and this was accordingly a subject of much parental anxiety. A son intended for public life would therefore be despatched on an early visit to the university of Rome. In the century of which we are treating, its system had

\* Gregory Nazian., *Orat. Vices.*, p. 333, and still more observably in the case of Cæsarius the physician, *Orat. Decima*, p. 163, Morel.

† Themistius, *Orat. xxvi.*, where he refers to the well known account of Herodotus, lib. i. cap. 93.

‡ Chrysostom, *adversus oppugnatores Vitæ Monasticæ* tom. i. 103.

\* Codex Theod., lib. vi. tit. xxi. i., with the note.

† Codex Theod., lib. xiv. tit. ix. 3.

been revised by the Emperor Valentinian, (A. D. 376,) and his edict throws much light on the general course of academical life at the time. The student was required to bring with him a letter of introduction from the governor of his province stating his birthplace, parentage and rank. On his arrival this letter was presented to the master of the census, a police magistrate, under the *Præfectus Urbis*, who exercised something of a proctorial authority. In his presence the youth *professed*, or announced, the course of study which he intended to pursue. His lodgings, or place of residence, must be signified to the same authority, "that his diligent attention to his studies might be readily ascertained." The same inspection extended to his general habits and associations, particularly that he did not too much frequent public amusements or disorderly parties. A resolute offender "whose conduct proved unworthy of the liberal arts," was subject to very summary treatment: he is to be "publicly whipped, put on board ship, and dismissed to his friends." This will remind the reader of the ancient discipline in our own universities; and, as in the latter case, the age of the undergraduates accounts for the corporal punishment. The fifteenth year was commonly the period of matriculation alike in the East and the West, and the twentieth closed the course. Should the student delay returning home at this time, the *præfect* of the city was responsible for dismissing him. The same officer was to see that his subordinates instituted an examination monthly into the conduct of the youths, and the reports were to be transmitted to the emperor at the end of each year, "that we may ascertain," as the edict says, "the respective merits and pursuits of the pupils, and whether they can be made available for our service."\*

While Rome had her peculiar claims as being the capital of the Latin world, and the fountain of Latin literature, Athens retained unimpaired the distinction of ancient repute. Thither all nations congregated, from Gaul to Armenia. In such a motley assemblage discipline was of difficult enforcement. Sedateness had never been the characteristic of the Grecian race, and we can readily believe that the streets of Athens vindicated too often their *classical* licentiousness. A thoroughly undergraduate scene has been preserved to us, where we should scarcely look for it, in Gregory Nazianzen's beautiful oration on St. Basil. The fame attained at other universities had preceded Basil, and his arrival at Athens was hailed with the highest expectation. Hence for him, and almost for him alone, the usual opening of *Freshman* life assuaged. Gregory says that he relates it as an *ἱδυρία* narrative. For ourselves, we doubt whether it may not excite to thoughts of pensiveness rather than of amusement, as we recall the vivid scenes of youthful eagerness and merriment which long ages have consigned to the paralyzing stillness of death.

Most of the youth of the university, says Gregory, were mad after the sophists (*σοφιστομανοῦναι*;) not only the mean and low-born, but some even of its noblest scholars. "The spectators of a race could not be more anxious for a favorite charioteer, than they for the popularity of their respective professors." The Freshman had been accustomed to discipline and subordination at Constantinople:

there he and his master set peaceably to work—but awful was the reverse when he landed at the Piræus. With portmanteaus and carpet bags (*στρωματίδια*) in attendance behind, he threaded his way towards the renowned Athens. And lucky was he who found some friend or fellow-countryman there to receive and protect him. If not, he was hurried away, *volens volens*, by some bustling irresistible "touter" for the sophists. This was a creature endeared to the professor by countless profitable, wheedling artifices, and teeming with sophistic bait (*πικρὸς τὰ σοφιστικά*.) But to whatever "touter" he yielded, he must stand the usual ordeal among the already established "men of Athens." He would be accosted by an inheritor of the true *Ἀττικὸν βίβλος*—that concrete of impudence—with some crafty enigma; and while hopelessly floundering after a solution, he was overwhelmed by troops of undergraduates thickening around; "then came multitudinous questions pelting upon him, some vastly impertinent, others a little like logic, but all designed to try his mettle." The new comer, having at length been badgered to satiety, was conducted in triumph through the agora, and so to the bath. In double file they accompanied him to the door, shouting and leaping like so many bacchanals. Here he was ordered to stop, on pretence that the doors were bolted, when a terrific thumping and battery commenced. At length the door gave way, and his admission was the symbol of his being a duly qualified member of the great academy of the world. Such was undergraduate initiation to all save St. Basil, whose already brilliant fame had procured him an exemption from the ruder portions of the ceremonial.

The fatal attachment to merely oratorical display perverted the whole course of education: sterling knowledge was not its object, but skill in captious or florid discourse; hence youths of celebrity, even though grave as Basil, were always liable to interruption in their pursuits by teasing and frivolous argumentation. Athens contained many influences which worked injuriously on young minds; and we can readily believe Gregory when he says that it was very hostile to early piety. All the resources of Grecian art had filled the city with idols, and the susceptibility for such objects produced countless admirers and worshippers; yet it is gratifying to find that he and Basil were far from being the only youths who were deeply imbued with higher principles. There was a society such as he could designate as "most temperate, peaceable, and profitable," united not by the ties of family, or country, but by the great reality of the Christian life, congenial dispositions, and the charms of ennobling study. The severance of such warm friendships and academic pleasures is a trial of frequent recurrence, yet rarely has it been described with more simple beauty than in the language of St. Gregory:—"The day of our departure and all the circumstances of departure arrived—the farewell words, the attendance to our ship, the last messages, the lamentations, embraces, tears. Nothing is so painful as for friends to be severed from Athens and each other (*ὑπὸ τῶν ποταμῶν*.) Our companions and some of the professors surrounded us, and entreated that we would desist from our design: with Basil it was ineffectual, for he departed; while I, who felt cut asunder by the separation, speedily followed him." Here, then, closed the period of academic study: the world could add nothing further to the cultivation of Athens; there were no foreign languages to be acquired, no foreign countries to be

\* Codex Theodosianus, lib. xiv. tit. ix. 1, with Gothofred's notes.

rich in primeval art and historic fame. To that generation Greece and Rome were still living worlds: no lapse of time, no crash of nations, had as yet severed their identity; what was not theirs was an outcast from the gifts of civilization, and beyond the limits of an enlightened curiosity.

The more promising and fortunate youth were yearly demanded for the service of the state. They were drafted off into innumerable public functions, but under few of the conditions that would qualify their hearts and minds for the proper discharge of them. It is not for us to enter on a field that belongs more properly to the great historian of the era. We only touch on the bye-scenes of life, not on its political development; but even in these bye-scenes we can never lose sight of emperors and their edicts. Were our reader to turn over the Theodosian Code, and see how it brings home the imperial authority even to the meanest tradesman in the vast extent of the empire, we are persuaded he would instinctively revert with thankfulness to our humble citizens of England, secure in the wide inviolability of their prescriptive rights. Nothing was too great or too small to come within its coercive or patronizing appointments. Lieutenants of provinces and lords of the bedchamber, doctors, architects, millers, and ten thousand more, all too *en famille*—with their wives and children—had their appropriate niche in the imperial repository. Nobles we relinquish to the historian, but a few notices of the middle classes may not be unacceptable.

We will begin with the medical profession, as it is that of which we can speak most honorably. It is gratifying to perceive that the estimation of the physician had been advancing for some centuries. The privileges which he enjoyed under the Greek empire were indeed little more than had been conferred on him by Augustus, but in the lapse of time they had gained increased confirmation and effect. Some peculiar exemptions marked the sense entertained of the importance and dignity of the *Iatropoioi*, the theoretical teachers and lecturers of the healing art. Among the active practitioners first stand the *Aziatgoi* or *Arch-healers*; of whom those employed immediately about the court were not infrequently rewarded with a title of nobility—*Comites primi ordinis*. They were even honored with senatorial dignity, and that without any of the burdens usually attendant on it; nay, the government of provinces was in some cases deemed compatible with their vocation.\* Others, also termed *Aziatgoi*, watched over the health of the different sections of the city. One such doctor was attached to each division of the capital. The election was made by his coadjutors, but must be confirmed by the emperor. A salary was paid by the prefect of the city, in order that there might be no excuse for neglect of the poor. There is an odd provision, too, that in their general practice these public officers shall only receive such fees as the convalescent deem merited, not those which patients offer during the alarm of their sickness. The system of guinea in hand had not, it seems, been introduced.

A very pleasing sketch of medical character in the fourth century is delivered to us by Gregory Nazianzen,† in his Oration in memory of his brother Caesarius. In common with other medical students of his time, he had received his professional education at Alexandria, and under circumstances of ad-

vantage such as we fear our students too often forego. "Alexandria," says Gregory, "seemed what it was, and is, a great manufactory of education. And here, what point of merit can I omit in my brother's career? Who was more faithful to his instructors—who more beloved by his equals—who more averse from the friendship and association of the vicious? In so vast a city individuals were lost in the throng, yet his virtues gained the admiration of all ranks. While profoundly investigating the whole theory of his art, he yet acquainted himself most accurately with each of its practical branches." But beside all this, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy engaged his attention, "so far," says Gregory, "as was profitable;" where it will be observed that he refers, as in the case of St. Basil, to the perversion of these sciences to astrological quackeries. Ancient education, however deficient in depth and solidity, attempted at least to bring every variety of knowledge to the aid of him who undertook any one of the great professions. Lucian scarcely caricatures the spirit of his age when he announces that an accomplished dancer must possess all the arts and sciences save logic, and history at least from Chaos down to Cleopatra.\* Vitruvius is hardly more merciful in his demands on the youthful architect: he, too, must be master of all that art, and science, and history can unfold; but withal, he must profit by a nice compound of moral philosophy, where the *utile* and *honestum* are to be blended after the best principles of Paley; and finally law, physics, and astronomy must lend their aid to the completion of this architectural scaffold.† But we have digressed from Caesarius, whose patients, no doubt, set most estimation on his unrivalled diagnosis. On the completion of their education, and by a happy concurrence, he from Alexandria, and Gregory from Athens, arrived at the same time in Constantinople. Here his skill and reputation speedily raised him to a noble marriage and the senatorial dignity. The senate interposed its influence with Constantius, that so valuable a person might be retained in the city; but affection for his aged and absent parents induced him for a season to quit its brilliant prospects. After some interval he returned, but the wealth which he had now acquired rendered the profits of his profession immaterial, and he exercised it henceforth gratuitously. From the expressions employed, we may suppose that he did not confine himself to the practice of his art, but further communicated it by lecture. Named one of the Archiatri of the palace, he exhibited what is to us the strange conjunction of a court physician and a high political functionary. But in the midst of his honors, and of an heretical or apostate court, the purity of his Christian profession remained unsullied. With him, Julian changed his tone of sarcasm and authority, while vainly attempting to embarrass his faith by all the artifices of logic. At last, in an emotion of feeling to which his sardonic nature was rarely stirred, he exclaimed, in respect to the parentage and brotherhood of Caesarius and Gregory, "O happy father! O unhappy sons!" After the death of Julian the fortunate doctor was nominated to the questorship of Bithynia; and still higher stations might have been his, had his life been prolonged. On the whole it is clear that the medical profession had attained a far higher estimation than in the earlier periods of classical history. Its

\* Codex Theodos., lib. xiii. tit. iii. cap. iv.

† Greg. Nazian., Orat. x. p. 163, Morel.

\* Lucian, De Saltatione, tom. v. p. 146, edit. Bipont.

† Vitruvius, lib. i. cap. vi.



position seems to have been nearly what it is at this day in England. The main difference consisted in its eligibility for civil offices, which we deem incompatible with the prosecution of so laborious a vocation. Yet methods of cure were sometimes resorted to by the faculty which we presume its modern representatives would not desire to revive. Chrysostom tells us that such as had to deal with refractory patients beguiled them to their nauseous drugs by frequent kisses!\*

What is worse, incantations were muttered over the fever or the sore, and amulets affixed to the disordered member.† Absurd as we deem such expedients, they were too grave a matter for ridicule in the fourth century, when sufferers were importunate, friends urged their efficacy, and eloquent preachers assailed them, not as child's play, but as the unlawful machinery of Satan. The same invalid, it appears, would request the prayers of the congregation on Sunday, as among ourselves, and during the week have recourse to the silliest tricks of the old superstition.

As the legal calling diverged into every office of government, and mingled in all the dealings of mankind, it was even provided that the academical training for it should be considerably longer than for other professions. Elsewhere, the ordinary course, as we have seen, closed on a student's attaining his twentieth year, but it was not supposed that any one could have imbibed all the learning of Berytus till five more years had supervened.‡ This same Berytus, the Beyrout of Comodore Napier, and the metropolis of ancient law, was only a provincial town, and so far subordinate to Tyre, the capital of the district of Phœnice. It abounded not only in law, but also in merchandize, as innumerable traders were attracted thither by the fame and plenty of the Tyrian purple. Still more ominously it had been the favorite scene of gladiatorial shows.§ Strange, that incipient law should so early have steeled itself to cruelty and death, and rehearsed its destined functions amongst the pains and callousness of mankind. Constantine desired to soften the legal heart, even from its cradle, and hence his celebrated edict against such exhibitions was first promulgated at Berytus. That decree was not to be slighted, and henceforth the humanized *Templars* could only solace their hours of leisure with the circus and the theatre. Under such numerous patronage, these resorts soon obtained high celebrity in the Syrian world. But the students of Berytus minded other things as well as their Epsom and Taglioni. An old writer calls it a city "valde delitiosa," and says that in its lecture-rooms all the *causes célèbres* of the Roman world were revived and elucidated with the happiest skill and effect. Hence learned practitioners were despatched to act as assessors to the rulers of provinces, and this was one of the main employments into which the innumerable advocates were draughted; for these rulers, like some governors of our foreign settlements, were taken indiscriminately from any preceding station, and being ignorant of the law which they were called to administer, would have been helpless but for the directing subordinate at their elbow. Natives of the province were incapable of the office, and Berytus was the copious source whence all these rills of law were derived.

In A. D. 333, Constantine issued the following

\* Chrysost. ad Pop. Antioch, homil. iii. tom. ii. p. 50.

† Idem, Adversus Iudeos, homil. viii. tom. i. 838.

‡ Codex Theodos., lib. xi. tit. i. xix., Gothofred's note.

§ Idem, lib. xv. tit. xii.

proclamation:—"We need a great number of architects, and we have them not; therefore, let your sublimity (the ruler of the province of Africa) excite to the study youths about eighteen years of age, who have tasted a liberal education." The date of this edict indicates the earnestness with which Constantine watched over his rising capital, and provided for its equipment with every professional advantage. The inducements which it offers are, that "they and their parents shall be exempt from the burdens to which they are otherwise liable, and a competent salary shall be given to their teachers."\*

This was followed by enactments, from himself and Constantius, granting personal immunities to every class of engineers, surveyors, builders, and mechanics. As the works of the city were in progress for many years, and must have employed a very numerous population, important effects could not fail to result on the morals and habits of the place.

The classes on whom we have made these cursory notes constituted a large proportion of the middle ranks of the lay community. It would be interesting if we could discriminate the varieties of character which distinguished them from those born to wealth and high rank; but it is rather to be feared that they were ever aiming at an assimilation not worthy of attainment, seldom attained, and implying a miserable fret of temper—the standing curse of mean ambition. There have been days when the great middle class of England lived within the simplicity for which Providence designed it, "et propria pelle quievit;" but may we not apprehend among ourselves what occurred at Constantinople, the arrival of a period when such acquiescence will be exchanged for an universal mimicry of wealth and nobility!—

—"Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru  
Non minus ignotos generosis."

But we must consider for a moment the case of a young citizen just returned from his university education, and starting in life in that great metropolis. What shall he do first? "Marry," says St. Chrysostom. "Heaven forbid!" ejaculate the fathers and mothers of England. But the saint, in the state of that age, had many weighty arguments to urge for his advice. "As soon as your son has grown up, before he enters the army or any other profession, take measures for his marriage. If he sees that you mean speedily to provide him with a wife, he may remain within the bounds of morality; but if he finds you bent on waiting till he can maintain a handsome establishment, he despairs of marriage and virtue. He must wait, you reply, till he has gained a standing in life and becomes known! And so you have no regard for his spiritual welfare, but consign it to destruction in your pitiable subjection to the tyranny of wealth."†

We will not touch on the moral suggestions of the saint, but the fact is, that early marriages and redundant population were not among the anxieties with which the economists of these days had to contend. So far from a numerous family being dreaded, it was still encouraged by the favor of the old Roman laws. Constantine had given them his sanction by a decree, A. D. 324,‡ by which a father of five children was exempted from all personal service to

\* Cordex Theodos., lib. xiii. tit. iv. i. ii. iii., with Gothofred's notes.

† Chrysost. in Epist. 1 ad Thessal., cap. iv. homil. v. Idem, in Mattheum, homil. lix. tom. vii. 680.

‡ Codex Theodos., lib. xii. tit. xvii. i.

the state, provided he would give one of his sons in its behalf. Next came Julian with a wonderful law, which will defy the Malthusians of all generations. Let a man be father to thirteen, and then farewell to trouble. "No more shall he be summoned to the Curia; let him henceforth enjoy the most honorable repose (honoratissimū quiete donetur.)\* This law throws Gothofredus into violent indignation: "Why should the begetting of thirteen children secure to any man this halcyon tranquillity?" Constantine had been most anxious to have his capital frequented. He summoned senators from Rome, and if we may attach a specific sense to Eusebius's vague expression, he drained other cities in its behalf, "dedicatur pene omnium urbium nuditate." And yet its population never became considerable when compared with the old Rome, or London, or even Paris. By far the larger part of the inhabitants were Christians, and these were not estimated by St. Chrysostom at more than one hundred thousand.† No wonder, then that even the emperors who patronized the rising system of monastic seclusion, perceived the prudence of encouraging those who remained in the active world, to attend to the cares of marriage and offspring.

But let us hear the great preacher on parents who were willing that their sons should marry. "You are not anxious," says Chrysostom, "for the virtue of your son, but for his wealth. Yet beware! Even without a dowry women abound with pride, and are prone to vain glory; but with such an accession, how are they to be borne! The object of marriage is not to fill our houses with war and battle (πολεμον και μαχης)—and yet how many, after contracting rich alliances, have daily quarrels over their table! Your own servants too indulge in very free remarks on the fortunes of master and mistress:—'Look at him; he was a beggar once, with scarcely a rag to cover him; he and his parents were the scum of the earth; my mistress has all the money.' Though you hear this, it does not affect you, because you have not the soul of a gentleman. I (concludes the primate) would rather be a pauper ten thousand times over than be enriched by a wife." A few other remarks, too, are of general application. "Husband and wife must not be quick in suspecting each other." "It is very true that he spends all the day with his friends, and only comes home at a late hour, [qu. an early one!]: if she be wise, she will not notice it; but if she does, he must not resent her complaints." Again, "Husband and wife should by no means intrude on each other's province in the management of the servants. She must have the whole sway of the maids, and he of the men."‡ But sometimes untoward scenes would occur, against which it was difficult to provide.§ The saint gives us this specimen of a curtain-lecture—one worthy of Mrs. Caudle:—"Look at neighbor So and So! —(ὁ δεικνὺς ταλαίην καὶ ἐκ ταλαίων)—he is a low fellow, and his parents were nobodies. But he is ready for anything, and bustles about the world, and has made his fortune. That is the reason that his wife is covered with gold, and drives white mules to her carriage, and goes where she likes, with neat handmaidens, and troops of eunuchs in

her train. And you, you coward, you poltroon, ἀνάρθε καὶ δειλὸν, you sleepy hunks, you crouch in your cell—oh! unhappy woman that I am!" "A wife," says the saint, should not speak thus; yet if she persists, her husband must not beat her, but smooth her down, considering that she is rather flustered."

With these and many other Archiepiscopal precepts for his guidance, a young man might think of marrying. The next difficulty to be got over respects a house. A residence fit for a gentleman must not stand in a row. It must be a *rus in urbe*—furnished with a peristyle or cloister, with a fountain playing in the midst, and the area should be planted with delicate shrubs and flowers waving in the wind. Here and there, too, the eye must be attracted by vistas terminating in some rich monument of ancient art.\* In a respectable house, the lofty chambers must be supported by pillars and pilasters, dazzling with gilded capitals, the walls inlaid with marble, the floors variegated with tessellated pavements. But we need not dwell on such things—for it does not appear that as to them there was much difference between Constantinople and the elder seats of Greek and Roman luxury. The display of gold and silver seems, however, to have been quite enormous, and one application of the precious metals stirs especially the wrath of St. Chrysostom. This is the fashion of the silver *διδυκες*, which we may suppose he could not inspect the shops in the agora without being aware of, and on which he descants with a freedom to modern ears somewhat astounding:—"I see that you are aghast at my reproof, and aghast you ought to be. It is indecency, and inhumanity, and barbarity. I fear that in the process of their madness, women will become monsters. Yes, if it were not for shame, they would have their hair, their lips, their eyebrows of gold. Alas, that they cannot imitate the King of Persia's beard, and have such an appendage decked with gold leaf. I tell you, if you persist in such conduct, I will drive you from the sacred threshold."†—To ascend a little from these delicate minutiae—the few that were book fanciers prided themselves on the fine texture of the paper,‡ the beauty of the letters, and the golden illuminations. The happy invention of illustrated bibles and prayer-books must be ascribed to Constantinople.

Though their rooms were crammed with objects of show and *virtu*, the gentry were not addicted to much private gayety. Their passion was for the circus and hippodrome, and a showy ride through the agora. Indeed, company at home must have been a very dull affair when the younger branches were wholly excluded from it, and the elder had few of these accomplishments that sweeten modern society; the ladies neither sang nor played, and the days had long passed away since music was indispensable in the education of a Grecian gentleman. It is doubtless on this account that we hear little of private entertainments, except in the shape of dinners—and here, no doubt, was an ample field, on which, with unbroken leisure, long purses, and inventive genius, they expatiated without restraint. The Byzantines of an elder day had fed like glut-

\* A long list of statues at Constantinople has been collected by Heyne in the eleventh volume of the "Commentationes Göttingenses," p. 3, but it gives little more than the names.

† Chrysost. in Epist. ad Coloss., cap. iii. homil. vii. tom. xi. 435.

‡ Chrysost. in Joannem, homil. xxxii. tom. viii. p. 216.

\* Cordex Theod., lib. xii. tit. i. sec. lv.

† Chrysostom, in Acta Apostolorum, homil. xi. tom. ix. 108.

‡ Quales ducentæ sint Uxores, iii. tom. iii. 261.

§ Idem, in Epist. ad Ephes., cap. v. homil. xx. tom. xi. 75.

tons; all that they ate was steeped in wormwood, or smelled of salt water and garlic. According to Diphilus,\* they devoured such quantities of young tunnies, that their whole frame well nigh became glutinous, and it was thought that they would have been absorbed in muciilage. In the same days of barbarity they had been given to tippie at taverns, and had even corrupted their neighbors, the blind but temperate Chalcedonians, till they were transformed into a city of drunkards. But intellect at length marched to the east; and though the Constantinopolitans might have retained to the last a secret fondness for the tavern and its hostess, it was but the "Veteris vestigia flammæ," smouldering among the very embers of the populace. The upper classes were luxurious—shamefully so, but not so much from grossness of appetite as from a passion for display. We have not room at present for particulars of their deipnosophism; but the editors of Athenæus, and of the Roman Satirists, have not drawn on the fathers of the Greek church as they ought to have done.

Was there any resemblance between the Amphitryon who took his fashionable promenade in the porticos of the baths of Zeuxippus, and him who is listless at Cheltenham or earnest in Pall Mall? Our readers will reply in the negative if they look only on the outer man. The fashion as well as the material of his clothing defies comparison with ours. When the weather was hot, he would not venture out but in silks; if wet and dirty, he did not appear at all, except in his carriage, in which he sat rather in the style of a newly-elected lord mayor than like a private gentleman. They did not like the word—and yet very much exemplified the thing which their forefathers called—*σαρκαλία*. "The moneyed man," says Chrysostom, "knits his brow, and sits forward in the carriage, and seems to touch the clouds in his transported fancy. When mounted on horseback, troops of lictors clear his way through the agora, as though he would put all the street to flight. No wolf or lion is so unsocial: he will haunt with his kind, but the rich disciple makes a desert before him." A master could no more appear in public without his slaves than a lady without her mules.† If he put his head out of doors he would be jeered back again, unless his retinue supported him. A gilded bridle‡ hung on his horse's neck, a gilded livery bedizened the servants; his own attire was all golden, even to the girdle and the shoes. This matter of shoes must not be too cursorily despatched; of all matters of display it was what an ancient beau could least readily surrender; indeed, it was a taste indigenous in the Grecian character,§ and such as philosophers and archbishops assailed with equal impotency. It had captivated the subtlest of politicians|| and the profoundest of savants. Aristotle was not less studious of his shoes than his wig; and why should a fine gentleman of the fourth century be truculently criticised?

No; Chrysostom should have spared the shoes, but forbearance was not his attribute. Imagine our venerated diocesan thus haranguing from the Chapel Royal. We say it not to raise merriment at one so eminent as Chrysostom, but to draw attention to the altered forms of the world. "Come,

then, let us sift the matter and see its enormity. When you sew on your shoes those silken threads which you ought not even to weave into your mantles, what ridicule does it not deserve? Ships are built, rowers and steersmen collected, sails unfurled, and ocean furrowed; wife, children, country are abandoned, and the soul of the merchant hazarded to the waves—and all that you may get these silken threads and beautify that upper leather! How can he have heavenly ideas who is nice about the texture of the silk, the delicacy of its color, the ivy tint which results from the due disposition of the threads! No, his soul is forever in the mire, while he goes on tiptoe through the agora. He begets to himself sorrow and despair, lest in winter he slip into the mud, and in summer shuffle in the dust. Oh! my friend, how canst thou be so troubled about thy shoes?—Learn their true utility. Shoes were designed for trampling on the filth and unseaminess of the pavement; if this will not suffice thee, take them up and hang them round thy neck, or stick them on thy head."\*

They were as superstitious as Dr. Johnson about setting the right foot foremost, and also the right shoe. "That wretch of a slave, when he put on my shoes, gave me the left one first—Heaven avert mischief—and when I came out of doors I put the left foot first! Here is misfortune brewing; and when I got into the street my right eye winked—I shall pay for it with my tears—besides, a donkey brayed, a cock crew, somebody sneezed, and the first person I saw had only one eye and was lame. But, worst of all, I met one of the religious sisterhood (*παρθενοί*)—there is nothing coming in to-day. I wish I had met a frailer sister, (*αεραία*) then, indeed, would gain betide me, and I should make cent. per cent." "I see," cries the preacher, "how you crouch for shame, and beat your foreheads, and creep into the earth; but be ye not ashamed at my words, but at your own deeds. To avert these dangers of the road, you bind your head and feet with charms and amulets, and the names of rivers, and the great Alexander's brazen coins! Ye who are the disciples of the Cross seek your preservation from the likeness of a Gentile king!"†

The construction of the carriage was an indication of the rank of its possessor. Theodosius adopted this matter among his imperial cares. He directs‡ that the *honorati*, i. e. functionaries on the expiration of their office, whether civil or military, shall in general continue to use the carriage proper to their station—the two-horsed *carruca*—within the city—*sacratissimi nominis*—the name of Constantine. It was probably one with four wheels, and covered—a modern improvement on the ancient Rheda. Those who were ostentatiously disposed made it as conspicuous as possible by its height; yet it was but an ineffectual attempt to distend it to the honors and dimensions of the Carpentum. This was a distinction with which all ex-ministers must dispense. It was confined to the emperor and a few of the highest actual dignitaries of office. That of Constantine was covered with gold and radiant with gems, and inferior ones were inlaid with gold and silver. Being of a very grand and towering aspect, it was considered too elating for

\* Apud Athenæum, lib. iv. cap. ix. tom. ii. p. 21. Schweighæuser.

† Chrysost. in Joannem, lxxx. tom. viii. 544, 545.

‡ Idem in Psalmum, xlviii. tom. v. 627.

§ See Plato's Phædo, cap. ix., cum notis Stallbaum.

|| See Athenæus, lib. xii. cap. xlvii.

\* Chrysost. in Matthæum, homil. xlix. tom. vii. 574.

† Chrysost. ad Illuminandos Catechesis, iii. tom. ii. 287; and in Epist. ad Ephes., cap. iv. homil. xii. tom. xi. 108.

‡ Codex Theod., lib. xiv., tit. xii. lex. i.



women; no head but that of the empress was strong enough to bear it, and she was equal to four horses along with it—a privilege inadmissible for any other class of carriage in the streets of Constantinople.

And for what all this limitless profusion of display? The emperors had already learned to exclude themselves for the most part in more than Asiatic pomp, nor did they offer the attractions and exultations of what moderns call a court. The opulent were extravagant for the mere sake of show; and it is one of the unfortunate attendants on despotic governments that the wealth of their nobility is not applied as an instrument of power or influence, but absorbed in mere ostentation. Where there is no subdivision of power this becomes the only channel that great wealth finds for its disbursement; or if the disposition prompt to more exciting pursuits, a resource is found at the race-course or gaming-table. To the latter it does not appear that the Constantinopolitans were particularly addicted. Dice and drafts might be found in most houses, but rather to beguile the time than from the genuine love of gambling.\* They preferred sitting in the agora, that paradise of ancient Greeks, in the tranquil enjoyment of their delicious climate, and in such conversation as the day afforded. The duties of the bath, to be sure, cost some time; those vulgar persons who had none of their own were obliged to go out in search of it—but they hastened home immediately afterwards and enjoyed its full effects by some hours of tranquil repose. Indeed, this pursuit must have consumed a good part of the day, for all persons, not in the station of a bishop, reckoned two baths per diem as allowable gratification. Even Sisinius, the Novatian or Puritan bishop, rebuked the cavil that he indulged in it too much by stating that he limited himself to twice only.†

Gibbon has told us enough about the Byzantine Hippodromists and their furious passions. It is thus that Greg. Nazianzen compares them with the auditors of the sophists: "The attendants at the circus are not more earnest than they. There men leap and shout, and cast dust into the sky; while on their seats they drive the chariot, they beat the air, they ply their quivering fingers like a lash, to turn their horses from side to side, though really incapable of anything. And who are they that act thus? The poor and the destitute—men who have not provision for a day." Poverty, business, and duty were alike arrested by the surpassing claims of the hippodrome. "Thither," says Chrysostom,‡ "the whole city removes; and dwellings and agora are evacuated for the frantic exhibition. Not the hippodrome only, but houses, garrets, roofs, and hanging hills are all preoccupied. No infirmity represses the insatiable passion, but aged men, in dishonor of their hoariness, rush thither more impetuously than youths in their prime. When attending our churches they grow sick, and weary, and listless; they complain there is no room, that they are suffocated, and the like; but in the hippodrome they bear to be trampled on and pushed and squeezed with intolerable violence; yes, in the midst of ten thousand worse annoyances they luxuriate as though upon a grassy lawn." It had no roof—apparently not even an awning; yet

when the rain was driving in torrents and the wind beating in their faces, or the sun blazing over their heads, they stood in the same wild eagerness the greater part of the day, careless of its inclemency or the long journey which many had made to reach the spot. But even this was aggravated by the season at which the celebration occurred; it was not enough to violate the solemnity of Lent—even the sacred day of our Lord's crucifixion was profaned by this madness. "Is it to be borne, is it to be endured?" cries the impassioned preacher—"Some have left our assemblies to-day and been so frantic as to fill the whole city with shouting and uproar and laughter—that laughter that shall be turned into mourning. In the interior of my house I heard the shout break forth, and suffered more anguish than the storm-tossed mariner—more terribly did this tempest light on me, while the nobles were applauding from high places, and the populace urging the drivers from below. This, in the city of apostles, the city which boasts of St. Andrew for its doctor—this, in a multitude of Christ's disciples—this on the day when your Lord was crucified for the world, when such a victim was bleeding and Paradise was opening, and the curse was ceasing, and sin was vanishing, and the interminable war was being pacified, and reconciliation was in progress between God and man, and all things were resuming their original brightness!" That nothing might be wanting to complete the impiety, the next day was diversified by theatrical shows; "a transition from the smoke to the fire, and to a gulf still deeper than before. You see the actresses come forth with gold embroidered robes, with effeminate and wanton step, and meretricious songs and equivocal expressions, and you press forward and imbibe it all!"\* So ended the Lent of Constantinople, A. D. 399. Easter Sunday was ushered in by fresh entertainments at the hippodrome—but it was a fatal occasion; an officer in the service of the prætor, whose house was already decked for his marriage on the following day, participated in the games; the rival chariot-eers overtook him before he could escape, and in a moment his head and limbs were dismembered from the body. In the midst of wailing women the mutilated corpse was conveyed to the newly-prepared abode, and the agora surrounded with lamentations.

Equal in public estimation with the hippodrome was the theatre; but it was not appropriated exclusively to dramatic entertainments: musicians, wrestlers, even orators, enjoyed it as the field of their exhibition.† In the proper office of the theatre there is reason to suppose that the national taste had totally degenerated: they still spoke the language and possessed the works of its highest masters, but the faculty for enjoying them was gone. The stage was usurped by gaudy courtesans, who occasionally, however, varied the seduction by appearing in *puris naturalibus*;‡ the plays and songs were worthy of the actresses; they turned on nothing but illicit intrigues; and a favorite catastrophe was *hanging*. The orchestra presented every variety of juggler. Constantine had abolished the gladiatorial shows, and the Venatio had not thriven equally when its sanguinary rival was

\* Chrysost. in Joannem, homil. xxxii. tom. viii. p. 217.

† Sozomen, lib. viii. cap. i.

‡ Chrysost., De Anna, serm. iv. tom. iv. 846.

\* Chrysost., Contra Ludos et Theatra, tom. vi. 315. Idem in Illud, Pater meus, tom. xii. 529.

† Chrysost. in Joannem, homil. i. tom. viii. pp. 1, 2.

‡ Chrysost. in Epist. 1 ad Thessal., cap. iv. homil. vi. tom. xi. 838.

withdrawn; the wild beasts were retained, but less admired, though imperial edicts still provided for the supply of the faithful city. The jungles\* of the Euphrates were still drained of their inhabitants to replenish the dens and amphitheatres of the empire; but the altered disposition of the citizens was evinced even in the treatment of their animals, and tame lions had become more acceptable than wild ones. Formerly, the numerous cities on their route had been seriously aggrieved by the expenditure required for their transmission. Three or four months had been spent in a single halt; but this was limited by the younger Theodosius, who forbade their being detained more than a week in one place.

The agora fills many an angry page of St. Chrysostom. Nothing was respectable that had not figured on this grande place. It was a hole-and-corner business that did not appear in the agora. There the idlers sunned, or cooled, or rested themselves, and scanned with equal complacency the marriage procession of one friend, and funeral grandeur of another;† an exhibition of tumblers or jugglers, or the march of a criminal attended by myriads of rabble to the place of execution. The loungers had much amusement from the placards, among which those about runaway slaves appear to have been the most numerous. But vary what might, there was one most offensive object which the agora could always exhibit—at least whenever St. Chrysostom had occasion to pass through it. This was a troop of heretics. "You shall not fail to descry them hung in knots here and there, in close discourse, full of malice and machination, very smooth-tongued yet with knitted brows. Besides, they are invincibly yellow-visaged (*πυλινὰ ἔχονσι τὸ πρόσωπον*;) they inherit it from their unhappy leader (Eunomius;) and all the drugs of the pharmacopœia could not reduce them to a salutary hue."<‡

We must now close our portfolio. We hope we have taxed it sufficiently to satisfy our lay readers that some amusement as well as instruction may be gathered from the Byzantine fathers.

THE London press is full of speculations on Mexican affairs, and the state of the war. But the one pervading topic, which continually breaks in, and shows its deep and absorbing importance, is the scarcity of food and the distress in Ireland. After all the flaunting and boasting and sputtering of the London editors, respecting this country, they are compelled to the mortifying confession that they are dependent upon the United States for their bread and cheese, and there is but little prospect of this dependence being mitigated very soon. The scarcity of human food is one of the greatest anomalies of civilization, and occurring, as it does, at a time of almost universal peace, and when the earth, by the aid of science, has been made to yield a fourfold harvest to what it did in former years, must open the eyes of statesmen and law-makers to the fact that the systems of commercial international law are based wholly upon error. They have brought a large part of Christendom to the borders of starvation, and yet, Pharaoh-like, kings and congressmen refuse to let trade go free, and still keep it in Egyptian bondage, exacting bricks, and yet deny-

ing straw. But the time is coming when the oppressors must be swallowed up in the Red Sea of starvation, and trade, like the children of Israel, will rejoice in freedom.—Among the trans-Atlantic notoriety at present in England, the learned blacksmith appears to win the most general attention. Wherever he goes he scatters his olive leaves and recipes for making Indian dumplings.

From the London Correspondence of the N. Y. Mirror.

You will not fail to observe the unusual inferiority of all the monthly periodicals, exhibiting a declaration of ability more rapid than could have been expected by the most attentive observer of the long continued retrocession from their once exalted standard. Their total extinction would have taken place long ago, but for the multiplication of reading rooms, into which a copy of all, no matter how worthless, now finds its way; so that the inducement to pay contributors as formerly no longer exists, and if it did, a more lucrative market for the requisite species of talent has been found in the daily and weekly press. When Bulwer boasted, some ten years back, that he could live like a gentleman on the proceeds of his pen, and was consequently regardless of government patronage, the toadies and tabbies of the aristocracy, who had associated the traditional garrets and clamorous washerwomen of Grub street with people who worked for book-sellers, were amazed, and their respect for the mercantile value of a head full of brains has ever since been on the increase. There are plenty of men now who make as much as Sir Edward did then; men of very inferior powers, unknown out of their own very circumscribed circles, and who will never leave a name of more extensive celebrity. The disclosures recently made in the examination of Mr. E. Mahew in the Insolvent Court, show that numerous newspaper writers earn incomes exceeding those of many officers of state, to secure which such prodigious interest and endless intrigues have to be employed. He started *Punch*, and declared that the profits of that work exceeded £10,000 a year, after all expenses were paid. He is not even the best paid of his class, though he was one of the first who originated the professional pursuit of wit and drollery, since become so lucrative. He, with his brother, who afterwards committed suicide, originated the first paper of the kind—*Figaro in London*, a worthy precursor of *Punch*, of which it was about half the size.

THE GUN COTTON.—We have our doubts whether the explosive cotton is really the discovery of Professor Schonbein. Certain it is that, for the last quarter of a century, there has been in use a cotton of incomparably greater explosive power, and that it is the material of which Sir Robert Peel is made. Could a whole bale of Professor Schonbein's cotton have blown the tory party to atoms? It is all very well to send a rifle ball through eight planks at fifty yards, but what is that feat compared with driving a corn importation bill through the house of lords? What is the resistance of boards to that of blockheads, which Peel's cotton made of as little account as egg-shells? Peel has been blowing everything up, riving, splitting, and blasting, all his life without a spark of fire, for the cotton combustible explodes at a low temperature; he has blown up Protestant ascendancy, he has blown up his party, he has blown up the protection system; and what in the world is there that he will not blow up one of these days, for he is a cabinet petard of explosive cotton, and the thread of his nature is destructiveness.—*Examiner*.

\* Codex Theod., lib. xv. tit. xi. lex ii., with Gothofred's note.

† Chrysost., tom. ii. p. 831; De Droside, Mastyre.

‡ Philostorgius, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, tom. iii. 524, Velesius.